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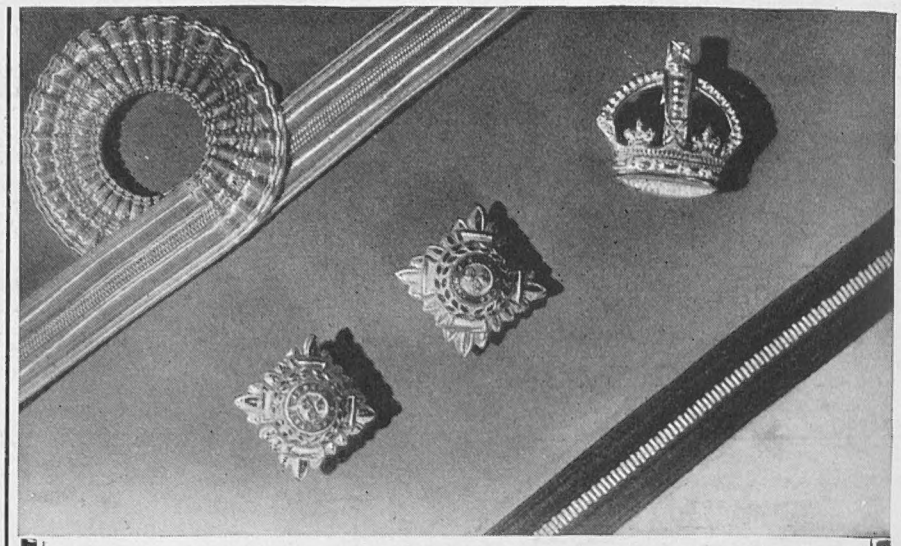

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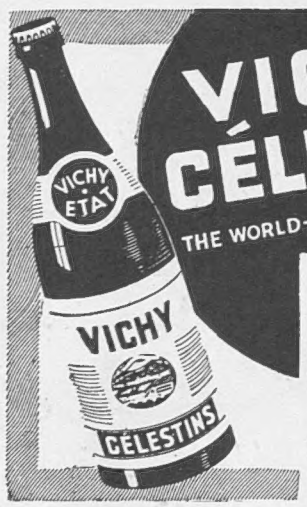

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's illustrated Weekly
London, May 11, 1940

AN AMAZING RESCUE AT SEA

The Royal Navy Saves Nazi Seamen after the Scuttling of Their Vessel

The remarkable picture published here (as well as those appearing on pages 170 and 171) have just been received in London. They were taken when the German merchantman *Arucas* of 3,369 tons was deliberately scuttled in Northern waters on the approach of a British warship. If this picture is regarded with those on pages 170 and 171 of this issue it will be seen how differently the British Navy conducts its operations as compared with the methods of German bombers and submarine commanders: despite that the German seamen had invited disaster by sinking their own vessel, and despite the heavy seas, which made it impossible to launch a rescue vessel, forty out of the crew of fifty-three were saved owing to the heroism of the British Navy. This picture, taken from the deck of the warship, shows one of the German boats overturned as it hit the side: some of the Germans (all wearing lifebelts) are shown clinging to the capsized boat whilst others are being hauled on board by means of lifelines

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XXXVI

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

"IN YON SMOKE CONCEALED."—The War Office has no military use for a Territorial officer of the late war who is nearer sixty than fifty and was never a specialist. That was made kindly-cruelly clear to me. But four years of active service in the late war at least left me one lesson learned and not forgotten, which I pass on to-day to my fellows on the Home Front. That lesson was well illustrated by Clough:

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field."

These lines are apt for quotation to-day. The fog of war hangs over Norway, the fog of doubt over the Mediterranean and Balkans; some of our hopes proved dupes. But many of our fears will prove liars. We shall suffer checks and anxieties far more severe than to-day's, before we attain our ends in victory. But victory is certain—I have never had the faintest doubt of it—and meanwhile bear this lesson in mind constantly. If in the fog of war things seem black with you, ask yourself the question: how is it with the enemy? Is it easier for the Nazis to wage war? You know it is not. The Germans lack nearly all the essentials to success. Men and aeroplanes are of no avail unless they can be supplied freely with the necessities of waging war. Germany is short of many foodstuffs, of essential raw materials, such as rubber and petrol. She has a fleet which many third-class Powers could match. She has forfeited the respect and gained the hatred of all civilised Powers, save Italy, her slave. She has acute dissensions smouldering within the Reich. Her trade is stagnant and her finance is rotten, and doubt and fear gnaw at the hearts of her leaders. It may be in yon smoke concealed there are half a dozen factors which any day may turn to our advantage and bring about a sudden transformation in our favour. Do you recall, as I do, the dark days of March, 1918 (when I was still running like a stag from the Germans towards Amiens)? A few months later the German Empire had cracked and her delegates had come in cringing and whining for mercy.

HISTORY REPEATS.—History repeats the story of 1916–17. The public (or that part of it which a section of the press considers that it speaks for) reacted to the first disappointments of the news from Norway by a clamour for a new broom in Downing Street, new vigour and brains for the conduct of the war. It would be more deplorable if it were not inevitable. Because it is inevitable, the reaction, if kept under control and conducted with restraint, may afford a useful shake-out. The Government's difficulties need no stressing. A free democracy and free press is a mighty blessing in the long run, but a day-to-day curse in a death struggle. The Government must for ever serve two masters; it must be relentless in winning the war, and obsequious in keeping its people sweet. The two loyalties are incompatible. If it encourages the public to hope, the first reverse brings a backhander. If it is grimly uncommunicative, the press lashes out and the public is resentful. Or so a democratic government obstinately believes—I think wrongly. It is no good for ever flattering the British nation in public speech, if in practice the Government does not believe that nation capable of patience and of fortitude. The press reaction in the disasters of 1916–17 (and it was not only the press but a divided Cabinet which reacted) had deplorable consequences. There was soon no security of tenure left to Cabinet ministers and office holders. Ministers came and were sacked, and none knew where the blow would next fall. Such a state of things must never come again. But that is a long way from saying that no changes must ever be made, that no new broom is needed. Party government and even Democracy itself (and we are fighting for Democracy) must go into cold storage while the hot weather lasts, and the men in the key positions must be men of deeds, like the fighting men.

THE WOUNDED HERO OF THE "HARDY" RETURNS HOME: The inhabitants of the little Hampshire village of Meonstoke gave a great welcome to their hero, Paymaster-Lieutenant G. H. Stanning of H.M.S. *Hardy*, when he returned home from hospital last week. Lieutenant Stanning was mentioned in the official account of the first battle of Narvik when, after Captain Warburton-Lee had been mortally wounded and the smashed bridge was a shambles, he dragged himself, with a useless foot, to the wheelhouse and steered the ship through a shell hole. He carried on until an A.B. took over and then made his way back to the bridge and took charge of the ship. The picture above shows the Paymaster-Lieutenant, on crutches, returning thanks to the villagers for their greeting outside his home

NEWS OF NORWAY.—I am not going to join in any studied criticism of the Government, whose difficulties and responsibilities are quite heavy enough without the trivial and foolish pinpricks of the uninformed, and the amateur strategist. I have not the least doubt we shall, with time and sacrifice, do the business in Norway, and do it thoroughly. Our handicaps are heavy, and Norway's efforts to maintain (for seven months of the war) a strict neutrality which would satisfy even Germany (and did not) do not lessen these present handicaps. What cannot be denied is that (up to the end of April) we have lost the first round of the war *of words* in Norway. *The war of words.* The war of arms had not entered upon a decisive phase (on land at least) by the end of April. By words—yes. To adapt Lord Beatty's famous saying:—"There is something wrong with our ——— words to-day." Well, the truth is that *truth* pays in the end, but it is a poor weapon against absolute lying from day to day. The Government is faced with a great difficulty in giving news of Norway to the public. Such information has already proved for the Nazis the best, if not the only reliable, source of information as to our troop dispositions in Norway; and therefore silence and discretion are essential. We need not repeat the list of our difficulties. All these things are now better understood by the public.

SOME VALUABLE LESSONS.—What one may fairly say is that the first weeks of N.W.E.F. activities have taught us valuable lessons as to the nature and conduct of this war in Scandinavia; and ought to have taught us how to avoid certain errors in the war of words. We started the campaign with a curious mixture of light-hearted optimism and caution, and when the true extent of the difficulties we have to face before victory were better appreciated, our "explanations" were not happily drafted. They left in the public mind an apprehension that all was far from well, which the facts did not justify. Myself, impatient as I am for news, could much better endure complete silence than a guarded explanation which tells very little and suggests much that increases apprehension. Good Heavens, think of 1917! Think of the setbacks and failures and half-measures which we suffered within a few months of total victory in the late war. Such things are a part of war, which is a part of the great game of guessing and is won at last by the side which makes fewest gross errors, not the highest score of bull's-eyes.

THE ART OF ORATORY IN WAR-TIME.—And one word more. . .Is it impertinent once more to advert to a truth which hits so many of the public in the eye? *Some Ministers are not fit for the microphone in war-time.* They may be very good at their jobs. They are hard-working, high-minded public servants, but they have not the voice, the manner, the matter, for war broadcasts. In the name of common sense, keep these excellent men from the microphone. The gentle tones of culture, the Oxford manner, the faded, anæmic dignity, the don-like turn of phrase, these things are worth ten successful and unjammed broadcasts to Goebbels; even when such speeches have been carefully prepared and are studded with choice quotation and argument and scintillate with poetic flights and courageous phrases, it were better they were burned by the public hangman than survive to be delivered by a voice and a speaker not equipped by nature for war oratory.

GENERAL CARTON DE WIART.—The G.O.C., N.W.E.F. (Namsos area) is a veteran of many wars. He is sixty years old and is the son of a Belgian, M. Leon Carton de Wiart, who had interests in Egypt. He was born in Brussels, educated at Balliol, and entered the 4th D.G.s. He fought in South Africa, Somaliland and the Great War, and has been wounded, more or less seriously, no fewer than twelve times. Besides the V.C., he wears on his chest many of the orders of gallantry of England and Belgium, and, of course, the British orders which accrue to the rank of distinguished soldiers. He married a daughter of Prince Fugger Babenhausen by Nora, Princess Hohenlohe. The General is by blood and war experience well fitted for the command which he holds, if his years and health can stand the strain. His experience is immense, his courage a legend. I shall never forget the impression of jaunty chivalry which he made on me when from the decorated streets of Brussels, under a golden October sun, I watched him ride by at the head of the British contingent on the day on which the Belgian Royal Family came back to their capital, with our present King riding beside King Albert. That was many years ago, and now he bobs up again like an old war-horse scenting battle.

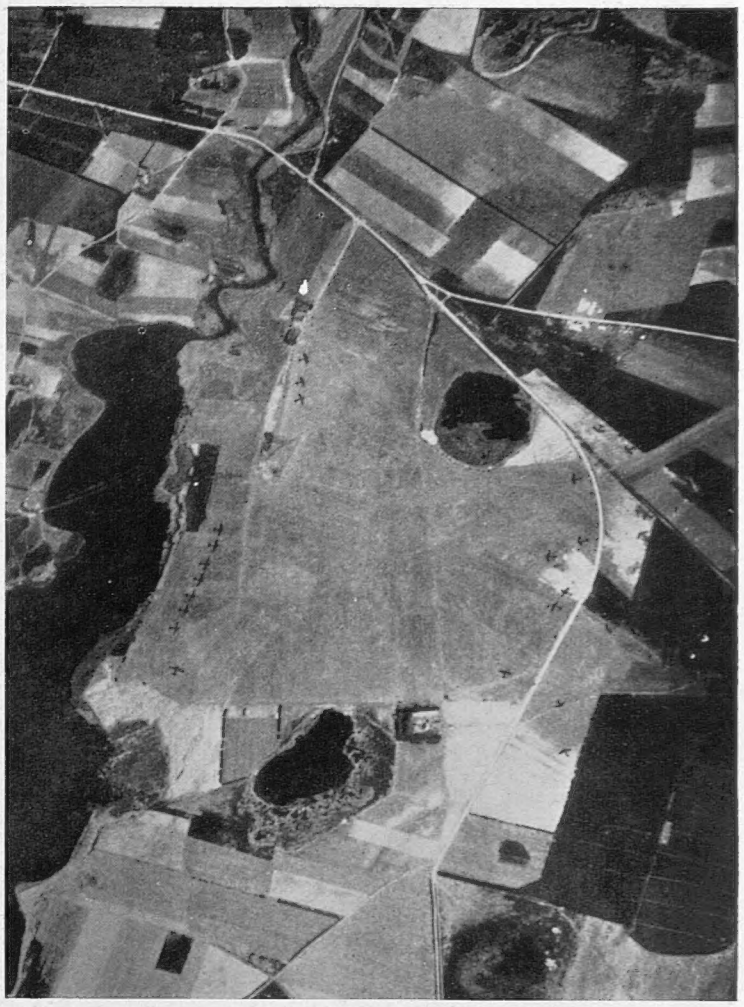
DOWN WITH THE BARRICADES.—Under the above caption I remember nearly twenty years ago writing (what I thought in my youth) a charming article on the need for removing the rusty iron railings—relics of Victorian possessiveness, exclusiveness, and stuffiness—from the London (then) residential squares. And I got it in the neck from surviving Edwardians. Now it looks as if one good thing will come out of war. Some of these dingy relics of once residential London may go to kill Nazis instead of killing amenities. We may yet see "the other side of the square" through a vista of green lawn and shady trees, and remove one of the absurdest anachronisms and uglier features of our capital. If the railings of the square gardens and the hideous German guns go back into the melting pot and are used not to murder English beauty and fellowship but to execute the assassins of all that makes England and life worth while, then they will at last prove their utility.

GARDENS.—Business as usual? Well, no, not quite. But poor people at home still need the services of district nurses; and a great and glorious scheme for sweetening intercourse, revealing the beauty of England, and supporting the noblest cause, must not be allowed to die. Elsewhere I have spoken of some lovely gardens opening in Surrey in May. Now a word on West Sussex. On Saturday, May 11, Burton Park and Petworth House both open their doors. On Monday, May 13, there is Leonardslee, famous for its shrubs. *Paullo minora*—on Wednesday, May 15, greatly daring, the author of this *Newsletter* has ventured to offer to the public at the reduced fee of 6d. such beauties as he still retains, only hoping that the early rush of summer will not have carried them, such as they are, away on the wings of Time. If any reader of THE SPHERE or the *Newsletter* can find his way—it is hard to find—to Fyning Combe, Rogate, on May 15, he will be assured of a welcome and a cup of comfort. The view on our ridge is worth seeing; so indeed are the maples and azaleas. The house lies 1 mile north-east of Rogate, or is reached from London by turning left on the Portsmouth Road at the Jolly Drovers, Rake, and thence proceeding perfectly straight for 2½ miles across commons. Gentle reader, you have been warned.

THE OLD STAGER

A recent paragraph on this page has caused a little confusion in the minds of some of our readers. In referring to the dispatch of papers abroad it was stated the "Government will not allow books or papers to be sent out of the country unless these are sent direct from the publishing houses concerned." We should now like to point out, however, that this restriction only applies to the dispatch of papers and books to the "censorable countries," which are: Italy, Ruthenia, Holland (Netherlands), Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof. *The dispatch of papers to countries other than those above may be made in the usual way*

THE R.A.F. BOMB STAVANGER AERODROME WITH SALVOS OF FIVE: This dramatic picture is an Air Ministry official photograph taken only a few days ago: it shows that, despite events elsewhere, the R.A.F. are still concentrating on Stavanger, and every day making it more untenable for the German aircraft, which, it was fondly hoped, would be able to operate from there unharmed. A salvo of five bombs is here seen on its way on to the aerodrome's runway from a Bomber Command aircraft: the picture was taken a moment after the missiles had been released. The cross at the bottom of the picture is the runway, and another picture taken a few seconds afterwards shows that a direct hit was registered. As can be clearly seen, this Norwegian airport, seized by the Nazis in their first dash, has been severely damaged by successive raids and is now a mass of bomb craters



THE NAZIS' NEW AIR BASE IN S.W. DENMARK BOMBED BY THE R.A.F.: This picture, taken by R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft, clearly shows the location of the aerodrome at Ry in south-west Denmark and the disposition of enemy aircraft which were severely bombed in two raids a few hours after this photograph was taken. No fewer than thirty enemy aircraft are visible—eighteen He 111's on the south side; eleven Blohm and Voss Ha 142's and one He 111 on the north side by the lake. Some aircraft can be seen on the edge of the wood which was set on fire by incendiary bombs. This attack by the R.A.F., which smoked out a new nest of enemy air transports, was made in two parts—the first in the half light of late evening and the second after darkness had fallen. Failing light had reduced visibility to about a mile when the vanguard of the first attack approached the aerodrome on which more than twenty aircraft could be seen. Traversing the aerodrome from east to west singly and in quick succession, the first section of the raiders dropped their load of explosives and incendiary bombs on the landing ground and woods; the second phase of the attack on Ry began soon after dark and ceased two hours after the first raiding force had left. Converging on the aerodrome singly and from different directions the night raiders bombed their target at intervals for nearly thirty minutes, attacking from various heights. Opposition from the ground defences was, it is stated, ineffective; and all our aircraft returned safely

AN AIR MINISTRY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, JUST RELEASED FOR PUBLICATION; WHICH DESCRIBES MORE GRAPHICALLY THAN WORDS CAN CONVEY WHAT BRITISH AIRCRAFT HAVE TO ENDURE WHEN FLYING, HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM THEIR BASE, OVER THE RUGGED, INHOSPITABLE NORWEGIAN COASTLINE

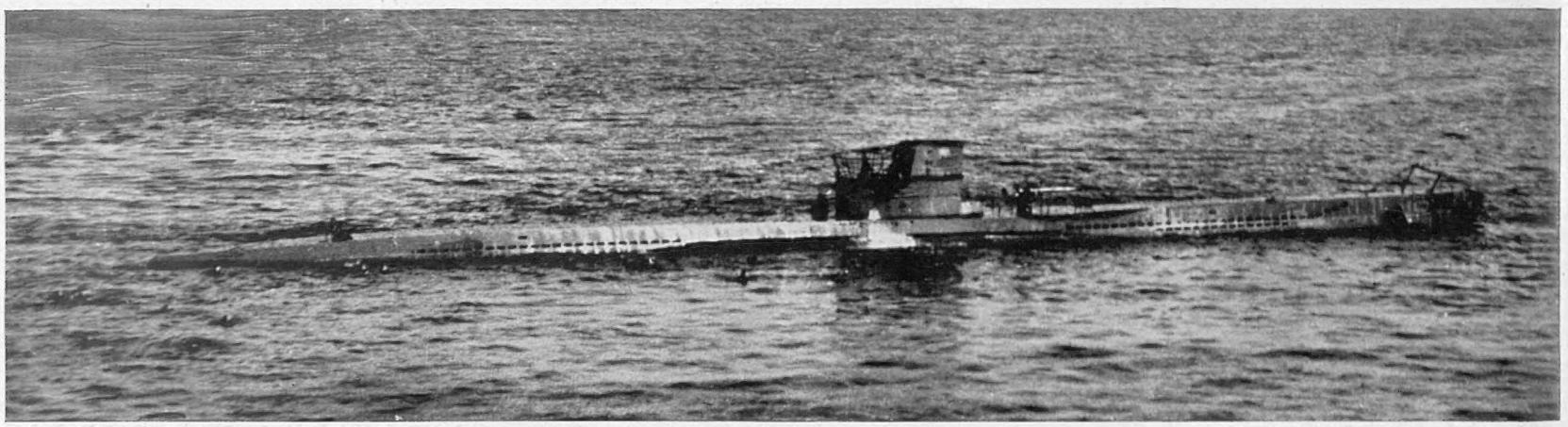
THE R.A.F. IN ACTION

New Official Pictures from Norway and Denmark

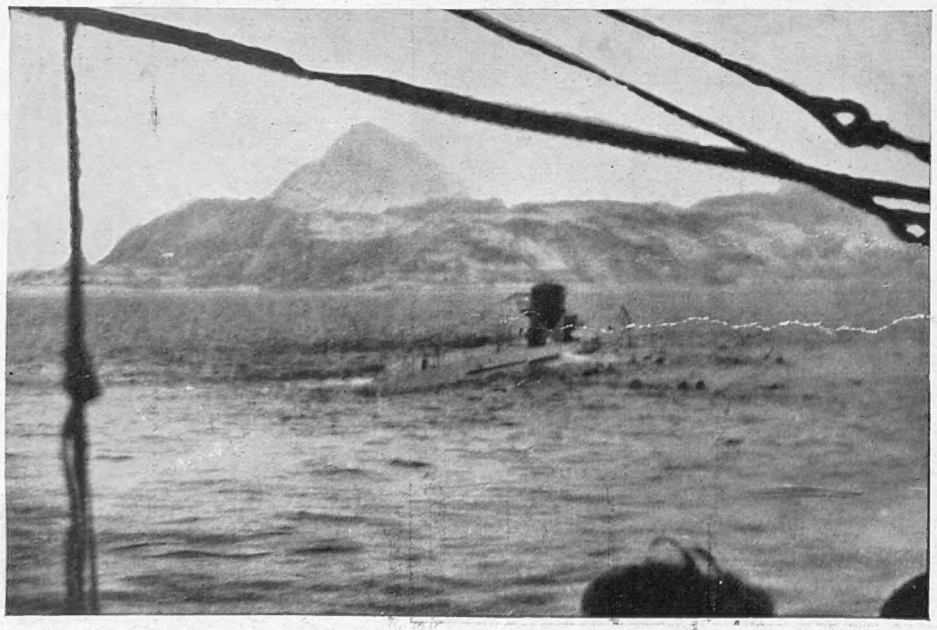
On left—

"CROSSED THE COASTLINE AT 2,000 FEET . . . ." Such a laconic note appears in the log of a Coastal Command aircraft sent on reconnaissance patrol over the Norwegian fiords. This picture illustrates the note in the log book: it shows the misty rugged terrain over which the Hudson aircraft had to fly—in bad weather—observing, taking photographs and attacking enemy supply ships lurking in the Norwegian waterways

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE NORWEGIAN COAST: THE END OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE CAUGHT BY BRITISH DESTROYERS AND DEPTH-CHARGED TO THE SURFACE WHERE IT WAS DESTROYED BY GUNFIRE. AN INCIDENT DURING THE BRITISH ATTACK ON NARVIK IN THE EARLY HOURS OF MONDAY, APRIL 15



IN FULL VIEW OF THE NORWAY EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ON THEIR WAY TO NARVIK: AFTER THE SUBMARINE HAD BEEN FORCED TO THE SURFACE WITH DEPTH-CHARGES, THE CREW DIVED OVERBOARD AND ARE HERE SEEN SWIMMING IN THE WATER BEFORE BEING PICKED UP BY BRITISH DESTROYERS



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE DOOMED SUBMARINE WHICH TRIED TO TORPEDO VESSELS OF THE BRITISH CONVOY APPROACHING NARVIK FIORD: A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE SUBMARINE WAS SENT TO THE BOTTOM BY GUNFIRE FROM THE DESTROYERS

NARVIK FIORD, Monday, April 15, a.m.

Another Submarine Destroyed: A Set of Amazing Pictures

"WE were steaming in waters where darkness was but a brief spell," the statement accompanying these pictures runs, "the convoy content under the watchful eyes of the escorting destroyers and anti-aircraft gunners of the bigger ships. This was no routine convoy, but one that was to make British history, consisting of the British Expeditionary Force that was to take possession of Narvik. The early hours of Monday, April 15, brought the snow-covered Norwegian coast in sight after an anxious but uneventful crossing. The convoy was drawn up outside and into the fiord steamed the destroyers, sweeping the waters for enemy submarines. Barely had half the bay been covered when, at 11.15, a signal was flashed from one to the other, 'Stand by, depth-charges! Am about to attack submarine south side of the bay.' Five explosions shook the surrounding cliffs and our destroyers quivered in the disturbed waters. The upheaval of water from the charges was still falling when up came the waiting U-boat. The swiftness of the surfacing of this submarine made it apparent to all that the charges had exploded beneath her, and the concussion had blown her to the surface. No sooner had she appeared than the other destroyer sprang to life, racing toward the submarine; her guns belched tongues of flame. The crew, realising the hopelessness of fight, dived overboard like a swarm of bees. Shells were now finding their mark in the conning tower and body of the U-boat and not until she was settling for her last and fatal dive did the guns of the destroyer cease their defiant roar. The boats of the destroyers were then dispatched and the crew rescued and taken prisoners. The whole of this exciting episode was followed with intent interest by the soldiers in their ships barely half a mile away. Their appreciation was shown by the cheers that resounded throughout the cliffs in true British spirit, for they realised with full significance the task of the destroyers"

ON THE BRIDGE: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON THE BRIDGE OF A DESTROYER DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO A NORTHERN PORT

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

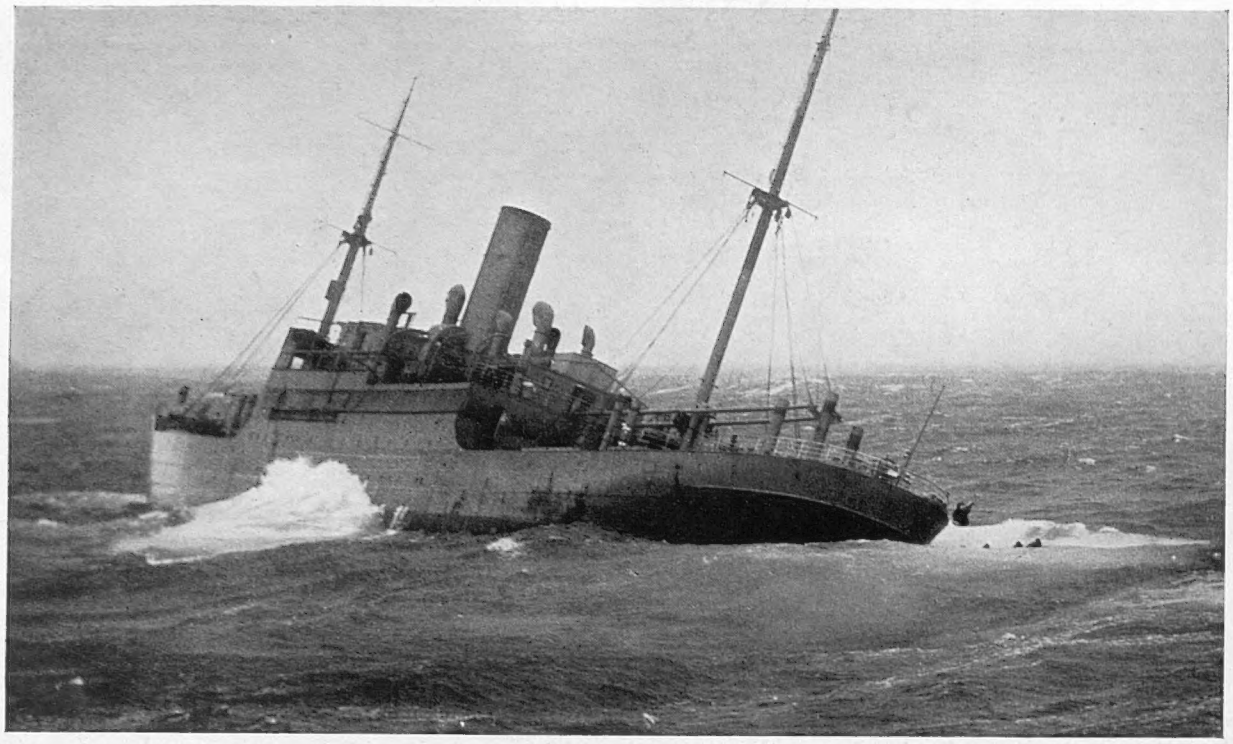
The Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Britain's New War Chief

In his speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday the Prime Minister announced that the one man in the present Cabinet in whom the country has the most confidence, Mr. Churchill, had been appointed Britain's new War Chief. Mr. Churchill is now to direct the Chiefs of Staffs Committee and will have his own small staff under Major-General Ismay, whilst retaining his present position of First Lord of the Admiralty. No step the Prime Minister could have taken will do more to reassure the country after the Norwegian episode

On left—A recent study of Mr. Churchill arriving at 10, Downing Street for a conference with the Prime Minister. *Below*—A characteristic portrait

FIGHTING

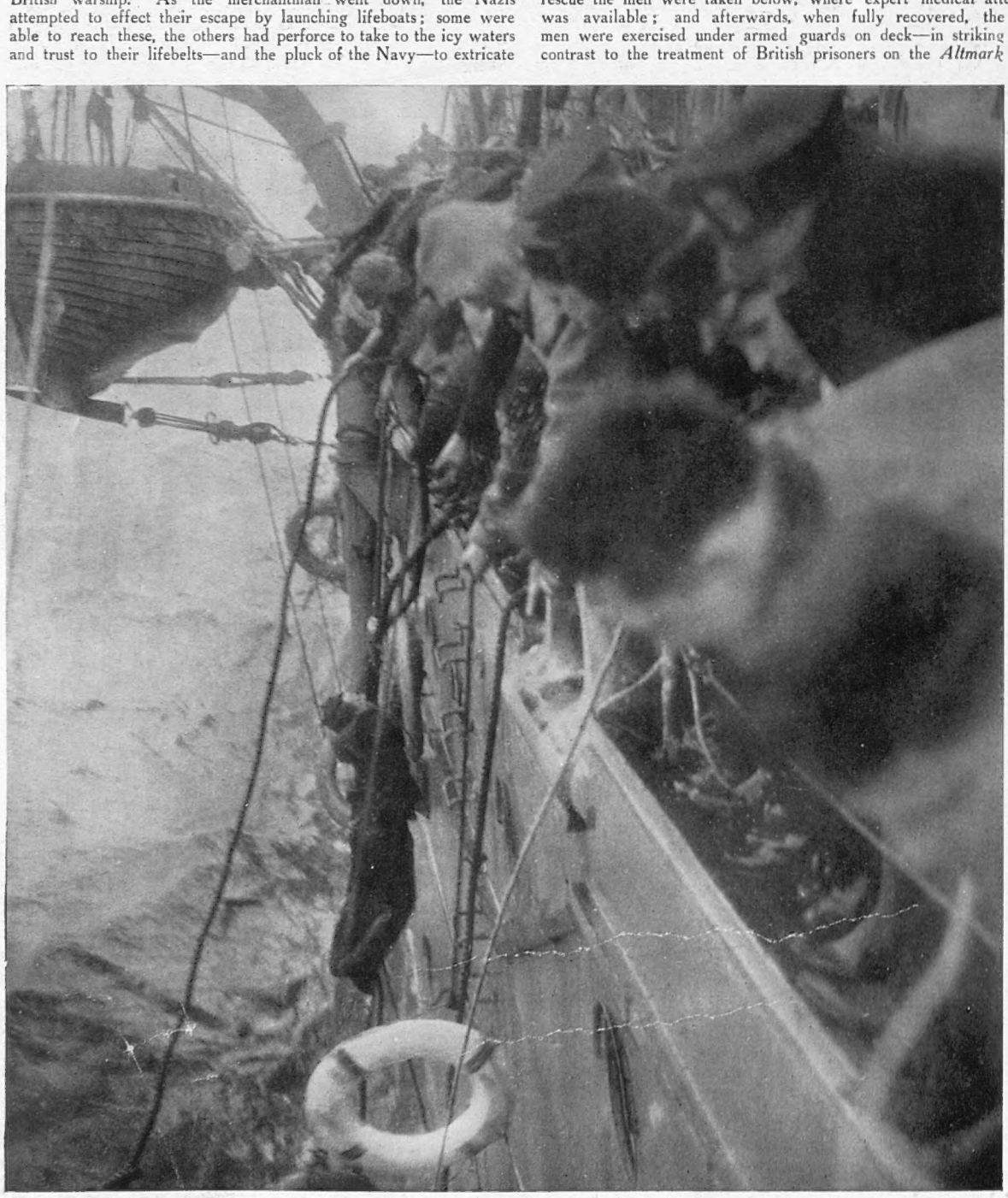
Astounding Pictures from Nort



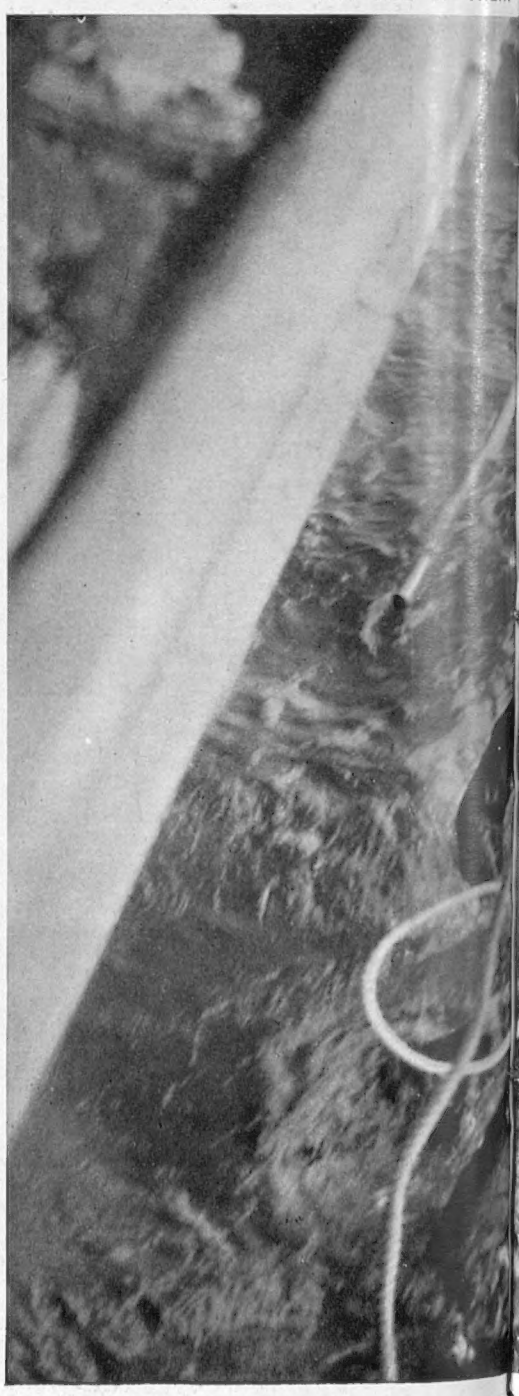
THE NAZI CREW HAVE DELIBERATELY OPENED THE SEA-COCKS: THE MERCHANTMAN IS ALREADY TAKING A LIST, AND THE GERMAN SEAMEN ARE JUMPING INTO THE SEA AS THE "ARUCAS" THREATENS TO GO DOWN

The dramatic pictures reproduced on these pages, and on the frontispiece of this issue, illustrate in no uncertain fashion the essential difference between the methods of the British Navy and those of Nazi bombers and sailors who make war on unarmed fishermen and helpless neutrals—machine-gunning and sinking them indiscriminately and without warning. The pictures were taken a few days ago in northern waters, and show how the crew of the German merchantman *Arucas* of 3,369 tons were saved after the vessel had been scuttled by its own crew at the approach of a British warship. As the merchantman went down, the Nazis attempted to effect their escape by launching lifeboats; some were able to reach these, the others had perforce to take to the icy waters and trust to their lifebelts—and the pluck of the Navy—to extricate themselves from the plight into which they had been plunged by their own actions. British seamen jumped into the sea to rescue some of them, and it is a great tribute to the Navy that, of the fifty-three men on board the enemy vessel, forty were saved. Three others died after having been taken from the water and ten were missing, presumed to have been drowned. Heavy seas made it impossible to launch a rescue boat and many of the Germans were saved by means of lifelines: in some cases our men dived overboard to secure lifelines to apparently lifeless bodies. After rescue the men were taken below, where expert medical attention was available; and afterwards, when fully recovered, the men were exercised under armed guards on deck—in striking contrast to the treatment of British prisoners on the *Altmark*

AN AMAZING PICTURE AS THE BRITISH WAR CLINGING TO THE SIDE OF THEIR



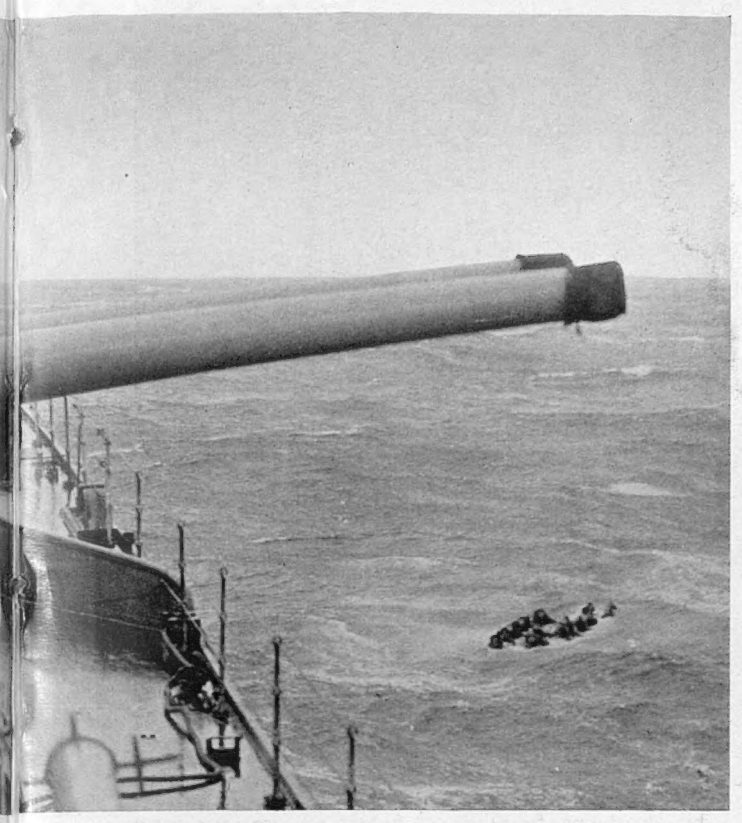
THE DRAMATIC SCENE AS THE ALMOST LIFELESS BODY OF A NAZI SEAMAN IS HAULED UP THE SIDE OF A BRITISH WARSHIP. WHAT WITH THE HEAVY SEA AND THE BATTERING OF THE ICY WAVES THE SEAMAN WAS PRACTICALLY UNCONSCIOUS WHEN HE WAS FINALLY GOT ABOARD



THE HEROISM OF THE NAVY — A REMARKABLE COLD WATER TO SECURE THE LIFELINE TO HAULED ABOARD. THIS IS IN STRONG CONTRAST

FOR LIFE AT SEA

ern Waters Showing the British Navy at Work



SHIP MANŒUVRES TO RESCUE THE NAZI SEAMEN WHO ARE SEEN OVERTURNED BOAT IN THE ICY NORTHERN WATERS

PICTURE WHEN A BRITISH BLUEJACKET DIVED INTO THE ICY A NAZI SEAMAN WHOSE ALMOST LIFELESS BODY IS SEEN BEING TO THE NAZIS WHO MACHINE-GUN HELPLESS FISHERMEN AT SEA

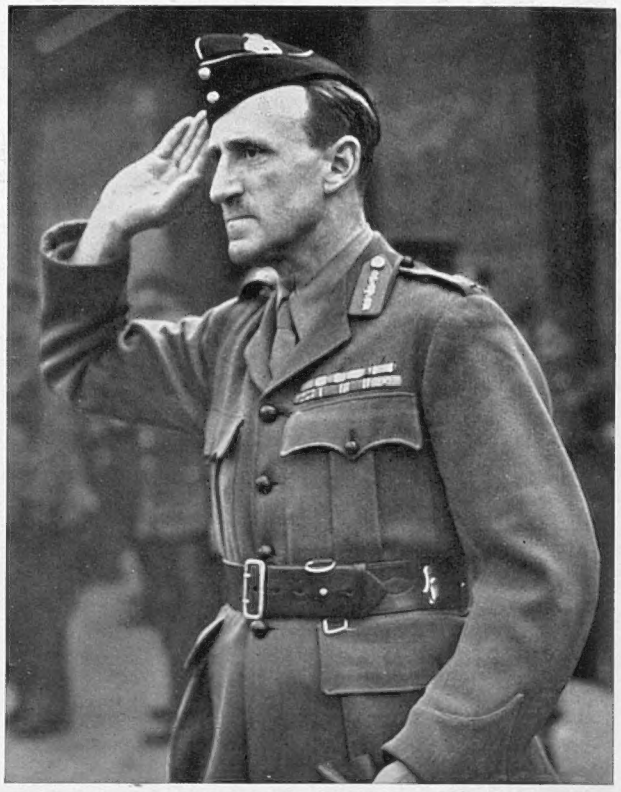
ONE BOATLOAD OF NAZI SEAMEN WHO MANŒUVRED THEIR BOAT SAFELY AGAINST THE SHELTERED SIDE OF THE WARSHIP WHERE THEY WERE HAULED ABOARD

A SCENE ABOARD THE BRITISH WARSHIP AFTER ALL THE SURVIVORS HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM THE SEA. ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION BEING APPLIED TO THE RESCUED SAILORS BEFORE BEING TAKEN BELOW FOR FURTHER MEDICAL TREATMENT

HOME FROM NORWAY

"You Did Not Retreat From Norway. You Were Ordered Out of Norway"

THEY WERE MET BY GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE: At the beginning of this week, they came back in troopships to home ports, these men who had dodged a rain of bombs in the Gudbrandsdal Valley and other sectors of the Norwegian operations. General Sir Edmund Ironside addressed them and underlined the words given at the head of this page



GENERAL PAGET ARRIVED WITH HIS MEN: The General regretted that they were not successful in stopping the Germans breaking through from the south, but the advance was delayed and the Norwegian army's withdrawal was successfully covered

WOUNDED NAVAL MEN ALSO ARRIVED HOME AT THE SAME TIME: "How the Navy strained every nerve to do what was possible to help you will one day be told," Sir Edmund Ironside said when he gave a soldierly speech of encouragement to the returned men after their arrival at their home port

"WE FOUND THE WHOLE COUNTRY RIDDLED WITH SPIES: We found one man in Norwegian clothes operating a radio van and directing German bombers. We pulled him out and shot him"

ON DISEMBARKING, THE TROOPS SHED THEIR SPECIAL EXPEDITIONARY KIT: The men looked fit and were smiling when the cameraman paid them a visit on their arrival. The men were back from different Norwegian areas

A FEW DAYS AGO THESE GERMAN AVIATORS WERE LANDED IN BRITAIN: At a northern port these enemy airmen were landed and taken to a detention camp. They did not seem in the best of spirits during their journey to the camp

BEHIND THE SCENES IN GERMANY TO-DAY

A Photographic Exposé of Outstanding Recent Events in the Land of Nazi-ism

"EXPLAINING" WHAT IS PLAIN TO ALL: Joachim von Ribbentrop (in high-backed chair), the Nazi Foreign Minister, and champion justifier of Germany's crimes, giving representatives of the foreign Press at the Foreign Ministry in Berlin the reason for the German rape of Norway and Denmark. One of the fantastic "explanations" was that it was a retaliatory measure for the British minelaying in Norwegian waters, which actually took place after the invaders had set out on their fell task

A PREMIERE OF MURDER: Field-Marshal Göring, Chief of the Nazi Air Force, seen at a cinema in Berlin to witness a film depicting the Nazi "conquest" in the air over Poland. The bombing of open towns and civilians was vividly shown to the gratification of the Field-Marshal, who is sitting between Frau and General von Brauchitsch. On right is Hans Bertram, who directed the film, proudly displaying the Iron Cross which it earned him—a new idea of the phrase "For Valour"!

IF WE ARE NOT "FIGHTING THE GERMAN PEOPLE," WHO ARE WE FIGHTING? Mr. Chamberlain and other members of the Cabinet have frequently stated that it is Nazi-ism and not the people of Germany with whom we are at war. If that is so, then why are these people, presumably representative of the German vox populi, so enthusiastic in their greeting to their Führer on his last birthday? Are they opposed to the idea of war?

ONLY AS JUNK ARE THEY USEFUL: Field-Marshal Göring, resplendent in white tunic and at least two Iron Crosses (and a "permanent" hair wave), sees a bust of himself and one of his Führer in a collection of scrap iron contributed by the people of Germany in answer to the country's desperate appeal for metal. Hitler's effigy has been given a place of honour—in the gutter!

TELLING THE PEOPLE OF THE REICH that its treacherous Government had perpetrated yet another crime and invaded Norway and Denmark in its insatiable lust for power. A scene outside a wireless shop in Berlin which again goes to show how eagerly the German people are following the war news

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TRONDHEIM AS THE R.A.F. PHOTOGRAPHERS SAW IT LAST WEEK: This Air Ministry photograph of the key city of Norway was taken by a reconnaissance aircraft from a height of 4,000 ft. It shows German seaplanes moored off the coast to the left and some Nazi shipping in the roadstead off the jetties

FOG IN THE AIR OVER NORWAY

What is Happening to the R.A.F. in the Norwegian Campaign?

By CHARLES G. GREY
(Founder of *The Aeroplane*

NEVER has the phrase "the fog of war" been more appropriate than it is in connection with the war in Norway, on land and sea and in the air. When aeroplanes were invented, we aeronautical enthusiasts told the Army that we should enable them to "see behind that hill," which had always defeated them in the past. But to-day aeroplanes have made the fog still foggier by introducing unforeseen problems. And, what with censorships, and propaganda, and counter-propaganda, and *communiqués* and *démentis* one simply does not know where one is, does one?—let alone knowing where anyone in Norway is.

Take Narvik, for example—or have we or have the Germans? About all we know is that the Germans lost seven destroyers and a lot of transport ships there, and we lost three destroyers. But nobody has explained why we or the Germans coveted Narvik.

Apparently several big German warships were going up there when they were spotted and damaged or sunk by still bigger British warships and either went home or to the bottom. If they had gone to Narvik could we have asked anything better? When once they were in we could have locked them in with mines and then the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, from several carriers out at sea, could have proved at their leisure, with the help of the Midnight Sun, whether aeroplanes can sink battleships or not, a question which still has to be decided.

And, even so, why did the Germans want Narvik? There is apparently no road from there to Trondhjem (or Trondheim, if you like it better). And if there were, a German force north of Trondheim could have stood off an attack from Narvik as easily as one from Namsos. The only imaginable reason why the Germans took Narvik was to stop us from using it as a base from which to cross over into Sweden and capture the iron mines—a nasty job over about 150 miles of mountain railway, in the face of even a small force of hefty hostile Swedes.

If we wanted to stop the iron from going down the other side to Lulea on the Baltic, the obvious method would be to bomb the mines and the railway from aircraft-carriers on the North Sea, always assuming that we did not mind offending the Swedes. If we had left the Germans in Narvik unmolested, but bottled up, what could they have done to hurt us? We didn't want to invade Sweden.

Anyhow, there isn't a hope of using aeroplanes from any land base near Narvik. Whatever flying is to be done thereabouts can only be done by deck-fliers—or ship-planes as they are called officially—from carriers or by float planes off the catapults of cruisers or battleships.

Which brings us to the most difficult air problem of the war. How to get our fighters to work to stop the German bombers. According to non-American reports from those parts, Namsos, where our people landed, north of Trondhjem (the alternative spelling this time), the state of the town is something worse than that of Bapaume in 1918—worse because Norwegian houses are built of wood.

All that part of Norway south of Trondheim can be reached as easily by our bombers as by the German bombers. But our first-class fighters cannot reach it, whereas the German fighters operating from Oslo aerodrome and the much-bombed Stavanger can do so.

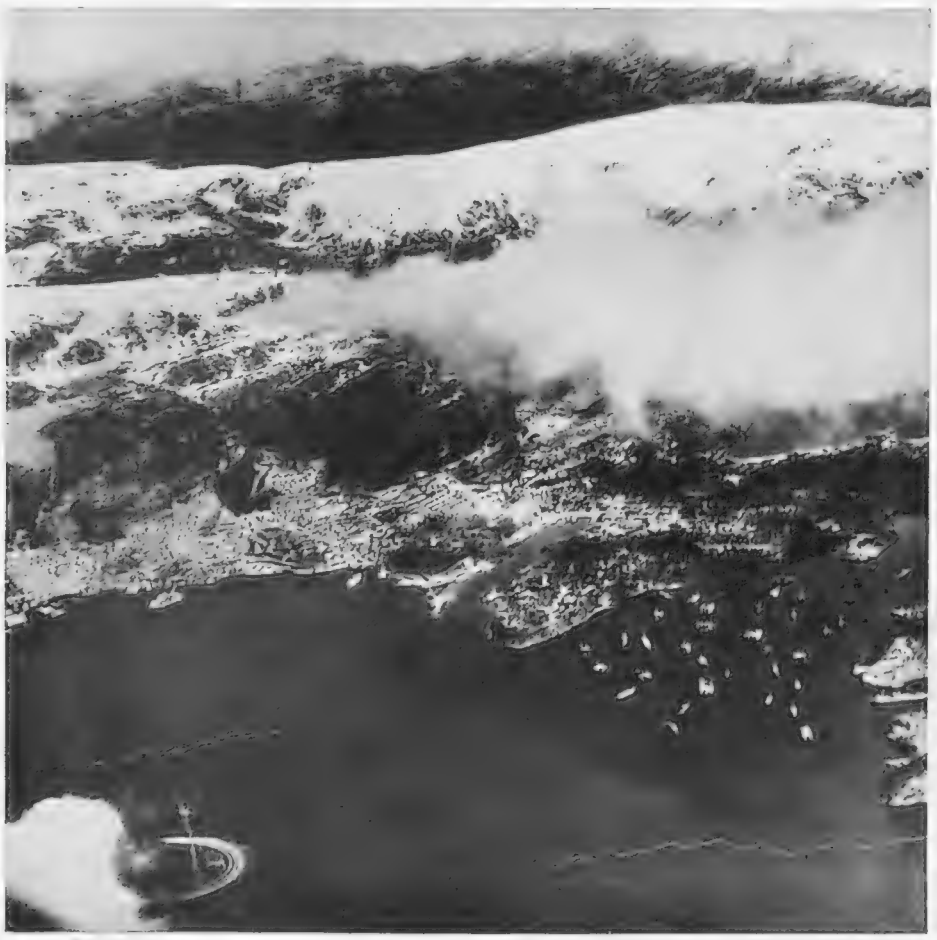
The position is this—if you imagine small circles representing the range of high-speed fighters from Oslo or Stavanger, and big circles representing the range of bombers from British aerodromes, the circles overlap in Norway. If you reverse the process, the circles of German bombers based on German, Danish, or Norwegian aerodromes, and those of English (I use the word advisedly, because there are no fighters built in Scotland or Wales) fighters based on British aerodromes, overlap over the North Sea and far into England and Scotland.

Our long-range fighters, the speeded-up and heavily-armed Blenheims, can reach Norway, but with two motors and with petrol enough to bring them home across the North Sea swilling about in their bellies, they cannot throw themselves about as do Hurricanes and Spitfires and Messerschmitts and Heinkel fighters. All the same, they do jolly well, as was shown when two of them raided Stavanger aerodrome, all on their own without a bomb between them and shot up the aerodrome with rifle-bullets—but that is another story, to be told, *pace Censore*, some other day.

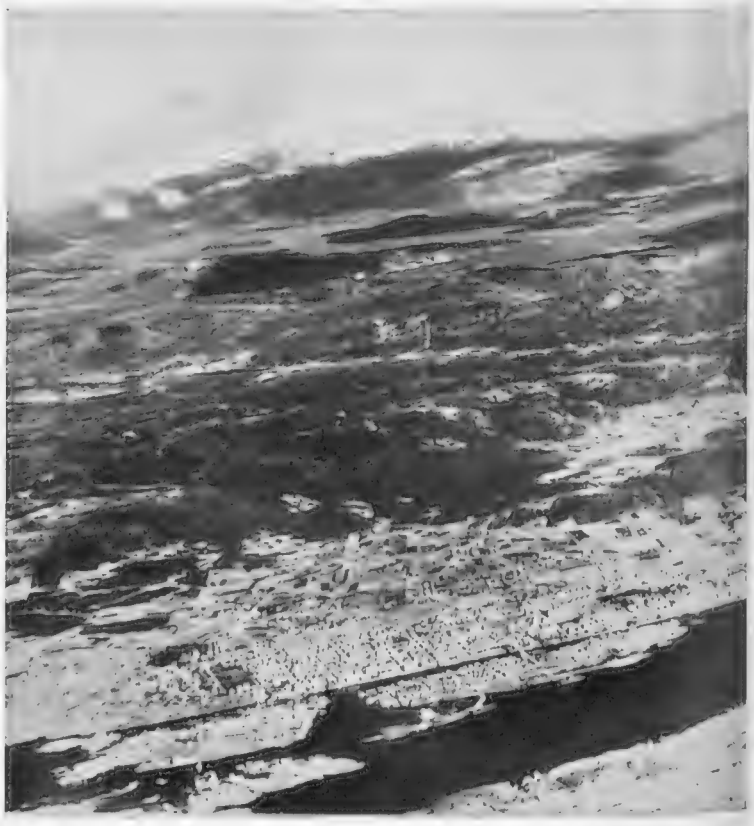
THE LATEST AIR MINISTRY APPOINTMENT: Air Vice-Marshal R. H. M. S Saundby, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C who has been appointed Assistant Chief of Air Staff for Operational Requirements and Tactics. He won the M.C. during the last war for bringing down a Zeppelin

About the end of April we were told in an unofficial communiqué that British fighters were at work round Trondhjem, and were stopping some of the damage which the German bombers were doing. I knew at the time that we had some competent men hunting for possible sites for aerodromes, but I knew also that tennis-courts are rare in these ports because they need so much flat ground.

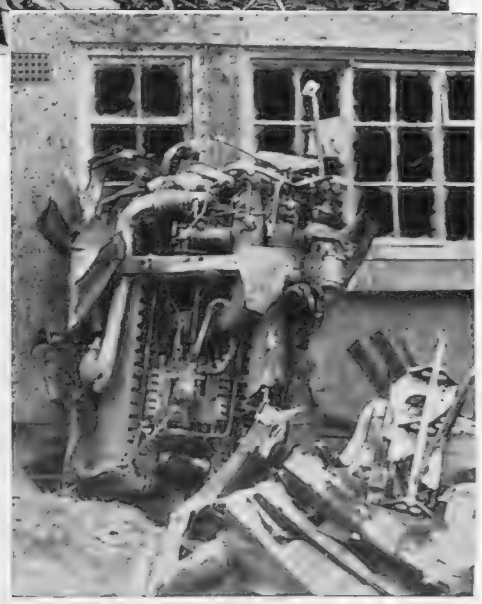
Then the news leaked out that our fighters were flying from a frozen lake. And a German radio said that our people were landing on a frozen road, improvised as an aerodrome. Only about one type of English aeroplane



AFTER AN R.A.F. BOMBING RAID ON BERGEN: Recently the Air Ministry issued a photograph showing an enemy supply ship and wharf warehouse blazing after a bombing attack by the R.A.F. on Bergen. The above photograph, taken a few days after this attack, shows that the warehouse has disappeared—burnt out—the wharf is still burning, and the supply ship is listing to starboard with only its superstructure showing. In the bottom left-hand of the picture is an enemy coastal motor-boat on anti-submarine patrol swerving hard to take evasive action on the approach of our aircraft



THE R.A.F. OVER HAUGESUND, JUST TO THE NORTH OF STAVANGER: This is the R.A.F.'s view of an important town which has been in the news from Norway recently. Taken by a reconnaissance aircraft, the picture clearly shows a Nazi submarine in the roadway at the right centre, opposite the high-level bridge. The background gives a good idea of the difficult terrain over which the Allied troops have to fight. Enemy transport ships may also be seen moored alongside the mole



WHAT THE WRECKED GERMAN MINE-CARRYING PLANE DID WHEN IT CRASHED AT CLACTON: When the German Heinkel III crashed on the town of Clacton-on-Sea last week two civilians (apart from the German crew of four) were killed and some 160 injured. The terrific amount of damage pictured above was caused mainly by the explosion of a mine which the aircraft was carrying: normally, even a severe crash would not cause such widespread havoc. The picture *on the right* shows what now remains of the aircraft; and *on the far right* is a view of one of the engines, torn away from the bomber as it crashed

could do that—the Gloster (not Gloucester) Gladiator, which happens to be the fastest biplane fighter in the world, and can land slowly.

We knew that 100 of them were to go to the Finns. So the assumption is that we are using those which did not go to Finland and had already been fitted with skis.

We have heaps of Gladiators, we have sold a lot to foreign nations, for they are easy to fly and highly manœuvrable. Used as the Spanish National pilots used the little Fiat biplanes in Spain—a vertical dive and a quick pull-out—they ought to be a match for any German bomber. But skis would ruin their performance, and with rubber tyres aeroplanes are practically uncontrollable on ice, either when taking off or landing. If our folk are not using skis, I wonder how they keep straight on ice. Presumably they fix nails in the tail-skids.

With skis the Gladiators did well in Finland against the Russian bombers, but the slow Katiuchkas are very different from the fast German bombers as targets.

Apparently every branch of our Flying Services has been operating in Norway. Fleet Air Arm machines, which belong to the Navy, not to the R.A.F., have been flying from bases in the British Isles as well as from ships—one assumes that the torpedo-carriers which attacked German warships in Southern Norway were launched by catapult from a warship and not from a carrier, for the North Sea would not be healthy for lightly armoured aircraft-carriers.

The big flying-boats of the Coastal Command have been taking men, and presumably munitions of sorts, to our people in the fiords. A dangerous business, as was shown by one of the official stories of the adventures of a boat which had to keep on dodging bombs while on the water. And even the little Avro Ansons and the American Lockheeds, which were intended only for convoy work and coastal reconnaissance, have been doing their bit, inspecting fiords for lurking German submarines and ships.

One of the best stories of the war concerns the pilot of an Anson, who was caught in heavy snow on his way home as darkness was falling. His home station picked up his radio and gave him his position as being near a distant headland—and practically gave him up for lost, cliffs in front, a heavy sea, snow and darkness. Shortly afterwards the pilot rang up and reported a safe landing at an aerodrome near the coast.

His Commanding Officer rushed to the telephone and asked how he did it. The lad reported coolly that he had caught a glimpse of the headland, hopped over it, and had then picked up a road which he knew, and had followed it to the aerodrome. The C.O., anxious to know what landmarks he had been able to spot in the dark, said—"Did you see the railway?"—"Oh, yes, sir!" said the boy, "but fortunately the gates of the level crossing were open."

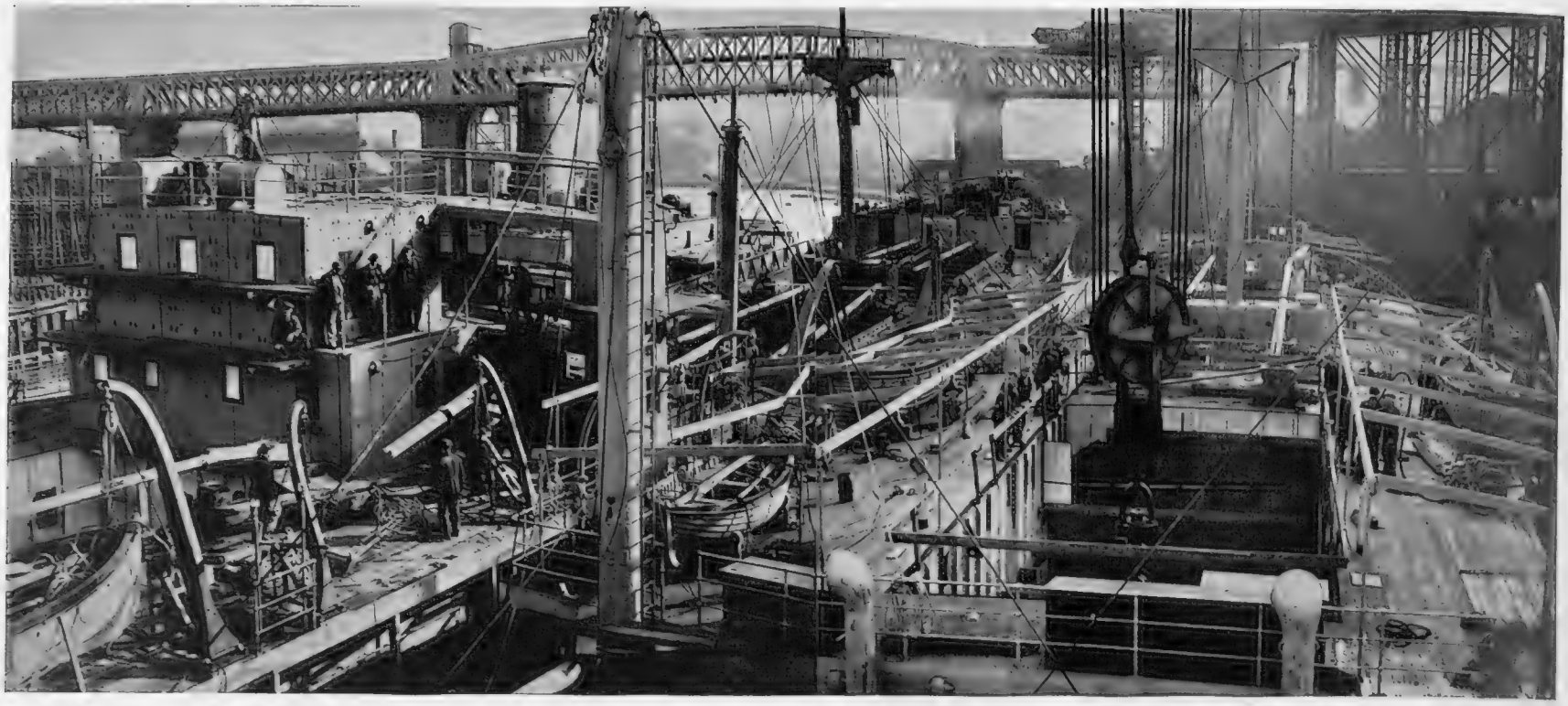
The problem of how to operate fighters in such country as Northern Norway has still to be beaten. Years ago, and at intervals since, I suggested developing a mobile land-catapult, a thing like the catapults which are used on ships, made to telescope like a fire-escape, and mounted on a carriage like a tank, which would launch light fast fighters. So that they could land slowly on roads, or in small fields, the aeroplanes would necessarily have slots and flaps all over—something like that entertaining apparatus called the Gugnune, which the Handley-Page Company built for the Guggenheim Competition in the United States some seven or eight years ago. Many of our readers must have seen it apparently standing still in the air at bygone Hendon displays.

Of course, the high-and-well-born Staff, and the high-browed technicians, treated the idea as the *jeu d'esprit* of a humorous journalist. But something of the sort would be a handy thing to have about the house in these days, would not it? And it might be just as handy in the Balkans or the Caucasus if the war insists on spreading into other countries where the scenery is mostly vertical.

Already pictures have been published showing aeroplanes which have gone through the ice on Norwegian lakes, so evidently frozen aerodromes will not be usable much longer. Therefore we can only hope that somehow, somewhere, our exploring parties may find flat patches.

During the threat of trouble in the Dardanelles at the time of the Chanak incident, a squadron of Bristol Fighters was sent out in an aircraft-carrier, very old style, to occupy an aerodrome of sorts on the top of the Gallipoli peninsula. Getting the machines overside into lighters, getting them ashore, and hauling them up the hillside and assembling on the top was impossible in the time available. So the O.C. Squadron had his machines rigged as well as possible on the ship, and every one flew off and landed safely on the hill-top, although none of the pilots had ever flown off a deck. If there are no flats in the Norwegian valleys, a flat hill-top may be found when the snow clears.

GERMAN DORNIER (on left) AND HEINKEL II (on right) SHOT DOWN ON THE WESTERN FRONT: French fighting aircraft had a good morning (before breakfast!) on the French front recently when, in co-operation with British anti-aircraft batteries, they shot down one Dornier and one Heinkel II. The German machines crashed quite close to each other after a short engagement with the French fighters. The part played by the British in this victory was that they cleverly guided the French to the enemy by firing just beneath the hostile aircraft—one of the new ideas in aerial combat evolved by modern conditions



WORK IN PROGRESS IN A BRITISH SHIPYARD—A SCENE WHICH IS BEING REPEATED AT EVERY SHIPYARD AROUND THESE SHORES. SHIPS ARE NOW BEING BUILT FASTER THAN GERMAN SUBMARINES AND MINES CAN SINK THEM!

THE NEW SHIP FIRST TAKES SHAPE IN THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S OFFICE. HERE DRAWINGS ARE MADE BY THE PERMANENT STAFF OF EVERY PART OF THE PROJECTED VESSEL; THESE DRAWINGS ARE THEN TURNED OVER TO THE FOREMEN TO BE LAID OUT PRIOR TO BEGINNING ACTUAL WORK ON THE HULL AND OTHER PORTIONS OF THE VESSEL

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW SHIP—THE FOREMEN TRANSLATING THE DRAUGHTSMEN'S DRAWINGS INTO THEIR PROPER DIMENSIONS AND ANGLES ON THE SITE WHERE WORK WILL SOON BEGIN ON THE NEW HULL

WORKMEN STREAMING OUT OF THE SHIPBUILDER'S YARD FOR THEIR LUNCH-HOUR BREAK. SKILLED MAN-POWER IS STILL THE GREATEST NEED IN THIS VAST INDUSTRY, MANY THOUSANDS OF MEN—SKILLED AND SEMI-SKILLED—HAVING BEEN ALLOWED TO DRIFT AWAY DURING THE DEPRESSION

HOISTING A GIANT STEEL GIRDER INTO POSITION: THIS WILL FORM PART OF THE STEEL FRAMEWORK OF THE VESSEL. ONE OF THE SHIP'S BULKHEADS IS ALREADY IN POSITION

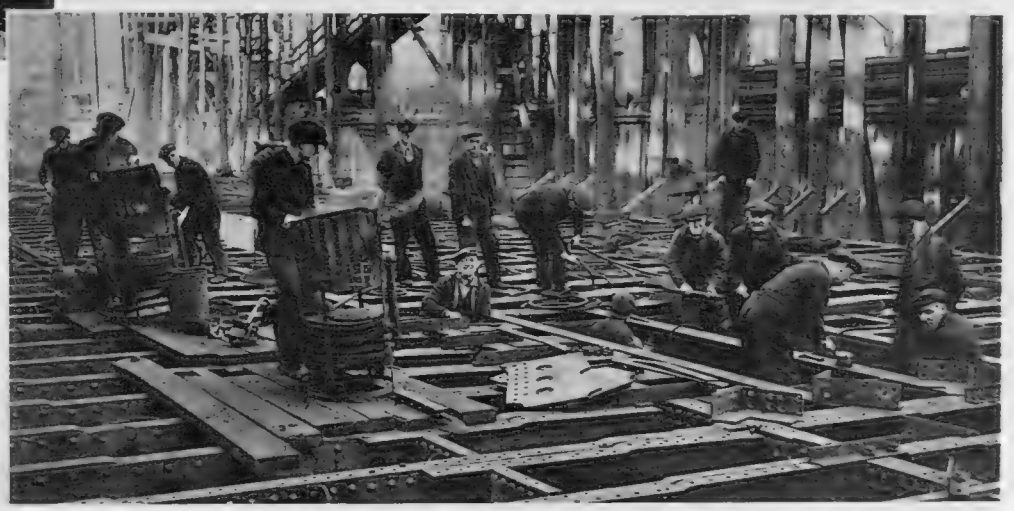
SHIPS IN THE MAKING

Britain's Drive Against the U-Boats : All Losses by Submarine and Mine Will be Made Good Within the Year

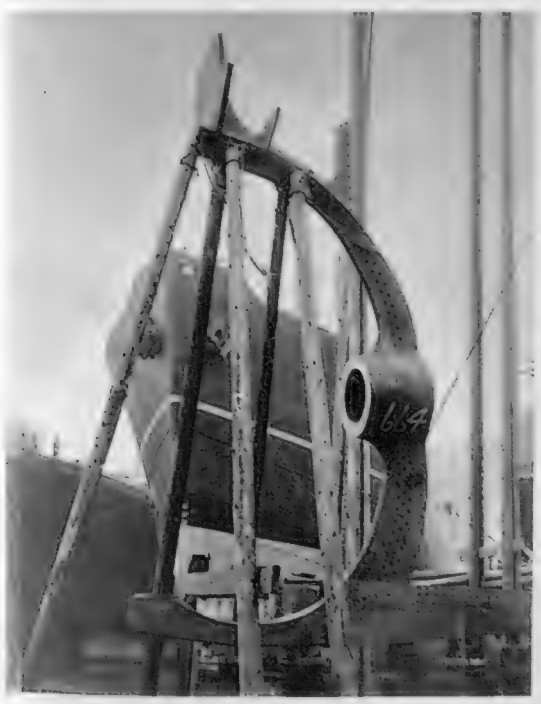
FINISHING TOUCHES BEING PUT TO THE DECK AND BRIDGE OF A NEW MERCHANT VESSEL: A PICTURE TAKEN IN A SHIPBUILDER'S YARD IN COUNTY DURHAM, TRADITIONAL HOME OF THE SHIPBUILDER'S CRAFT

ALMOST COMPLETED MERCHANTMEN BEING FITTED OUT IN THE YARD: WITH 5,000,000 TONS OF SHIPPING UNDER CONSTRUCTION GREAT BRITAIN NOW LEADS THE WORLD IN THE GREATEST SHIPBUILDING BOOM IN HISTORY. ALL WAR CASUALTIES TO DATE WILL, IT IS ANTICIPATED, BE REPLACED WITHIN THE YEAR

AT WORK WITH AN AUTOMATIC RIVETER: MACHINES OF THIS TYPE AND SKILLED MEN TO WORK THEM ARE LIMITED—THEREFORE A RETURN TO HAND RIVETING IS EVERYWHERE IN EVIDENCE



HAND RIVETERS AT WORK ON THE STEEL RIBS OF A NEW SHIP—THIS WORK IS OF A HIGHLY SKILLED NATURE. PRIOR TO THE WAR, THE HAND RIVETER HAD IN MANY CASES BEEN DISPLACED BY THE AUTOMATIC RIVETER: NOW THEY ARE BEING BROUGHT BACK TO THE SHIPYARDS BY THE HUNDRED TO RETURN TO THEIR OLD OCCUPATIONS



A VESSEL IS LAID DOWN: KEEL PLATE AND SHAFT ARE IN POSITION READY FOR WORK TO BEGIN

IN THE FITTING-OUT BASIN AND ALMOST READY FOR THE SEA: TWO OF BRITAIN'S LATEST MERCHANTMEN JUST CONSTRUCTED, OF DIFFERING TONNAGE AND DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT CARGOES

Britain is beating the world in shipbuilding: before the war the shipbuilding industry—after years of depression—was accelerating greatly. Now, with the ever-present menace of enemy submarine and mine, every shipyard throughout the country is hard at work, building new merchantmen of all types and for all needs. Provided that our losses at sea do not greatly increase beyond the present rate of loss, all our casualties will have been replaced—and more than replaced—within twelve months. With this greatest shipbuilding boom in history, despite naval needs (for naval construction, too, is proceeding according to schedule) and armament needs, Germany cannot carry out her dearest wish of starving the people of this country into submission. The new drive in the shipyards means that ships will be built faster than the Germans can sink them: this is truer than ever to-day now that Germany is committed to her intensive campaign in Norwegian waters, where minelayers and submarines (those that remain to the once-proud German navy) are sorely needed as Allied pressure every day increases. In a recent statement, the secretary of the Shipwrights' Association has declared that "Each yard will build one type of ship only, and that type will be the one it can build fastest and most economically." Unlike the "standard ships" of the last war, these new vessels will be built to last long after the war is over. The present difficulty of the shipbuilders is to find adequate skilled labour for the work they have in hand. In the depression years the lads who should have entered the yards as apprentices were not needed, and they drifted into other occupations. Furthermore, the introduction of the automatic riveter drove numbers of the old-style hand riveters to seek employment elsewhere.

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THE UGLY AND UNSOLDIER-LIKE "BATTLE DRESS" INTRODUCED RECENTLY INTO THE BRITISH ARMY: Ever since its introduction shortly before the war the "battle dress" has come in for much hostile criticism: it is stated to be too hot in warm weather but in cold weather does not give sufficient protection, especially in the small of the back, giving rise to lumbago and other disabilities. It is not unlikely, therefore, that there will be some modification of this uniform before very long—in fact, it is rumoured that plans are already afoot for a lighter uniform for the summer months, although at the moment there is no intention of abolishing "battle dress" for soldiers in winter training

The NEW STYLE in "BATTLE DRESS"

Kit for British and French Infantrymen in Norway

THE NEW ARMY EQUIPMENT FOR THE FIGHTING FORCES IN NORWAY: Conditions in Norway are, of course, different from those prevailing in other areas of war in Europe; consequently it has been necessary to devise special equipment for our troops in that area. This equipment includes skis and snow shoes for travelling over ice and snow; white protective covering for camouflage, but also as a protection against the cold winds; fur cap; mittens; a most carefully thought out and capacious rucksack; and other items necessary for a campaign in the mountainous and isolated regions

FRANCE HAS REORGANISED HER EQUIPMENT FOR INFANTRYMEN: *On the left* is the new French field dress for ski troops—presumably this kit is intended for the French units now operating in Norway, and also for her Chasseurs Alpins in the mountainous regions of France; *on the right* is the new field dress for French infantrymen. It will be noted that the ski-troops carry a quite enormous pack as part of their new equipment, in addition to heavy ammunition pouches on their belt in front, rifle and ski sticks. The weight of this pack must be enormous: the method of carrying rifle and bayonet—on each side of the pack—is ingenious, allowing as it does the full use of the arms when travelling over a difficult terrain. The same idea has been used in the design of the infantryman's equipment—but here the pack is not so large or heavy

THE R.A.F.'s NEW BLUE DENIM OVERALLS: This R.A.F. "battle dress" has been making its first appearance in France during the past few weeks; it is blue and has a caped hood. Under test it has been proved gas-proof. Two pockets are worn high up on the breast and there are buckles at the ankles. The new uniform should prove of great value on many of the specialised jobs of the R.A.F.

THE STRATEGY of the MEDITERRANEAN SEA

By Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, K.C.B.

THE WESTERN GATE: The Rock of Gibraltar stretches, lion-like, from north to south. In this view the eastern side faces the spectator, with the rain-catching areas visible in the centre. To the left is Europa Point with its lighthouse at the extreme southern end of the Rock. Since the taking of the Rock in 1704 its defences have been extended from time to time. They include, of course, the famous subterranean galleries which command the surrounding waters. The defence of the Rock by General Eliott in 1779-82 was a brilliant exploit, 7,000 defenders fighting 40,000, with a loss of 16 killed. A Fleet exercise was taking place when the picture reproduced above was obtained

SEA strategy is the same to-day as it ever has been, and, so far as can be seen, ever will be. It is best defined as the art of obtaining and holding the command of the sea; that is, keeping the oceans open to friendly traffic, free for legitimate neutral traffic but closed to all categories of enemy vessels, ships of war and merchant ships alike.

Sea strategy is immutable but "command of the sea" becomes yearly more and more complicated. In the Napoleonic wars this command was obtained by fighting and destroying the enemy's battle fleets or confining them to harbours, where they remained innocuous, and then guarding the merchant vessels either by convoys, or frigates capable of dealing with privateers. In the Great War this work was complicated by the advent of the submarine, the torpedo and the moored mine; these necessitated the use and development of methods for underwater protection. To-day we have the additional complication brought by aircraft. These act not only as eyes to the ships protecting or attacking trade; but they themselves can attack ships. They also can, to a limited extent, defeat the main object of command of the sea by providing a means of transport above water from shore to shore.

Thorough command of the sea, now, therefore argues command of the surface, command below water, and command of the air. In these days we are met with by an additional complication that goes far to nullify command of the sea in certain waters, namely, the immunity of territorial waters, that three-mile strip which provides free passage and sanctuary to all vessels whether neutral or belligerent.

Our strategy in the Mediterranean naturally depends on which countries are our allies, which are friendly and which are our potential enemies. In this war France and Egypt are our Allies, and Turkey to a great extent an ally also, but limited by her having a treaty of non-aggression with Russia. Spain is thoroughly occupied in reorganising her country and repairing the ravages wrought by the civil war. We, fortunately, have no dangerous divergences of opinion with her, and we wish her well. Greece is friendly.

There remains only Italy. With her we have no quarrel; indeed, we have strong ties begotten by old associations. Unfortunately, for the moment, a desire to reconstitute the old Roman empire has produced among the Fascists a feeling of resentment that France and we should own certain territories. We regret this estrangement. Lately certain utterances of her responsible statesmen have caused our Government to take especial emergency protective measures; it is therefore in no way improper or unfriendly to consider how we stand in the event of a war being forced upon us.

The over-riding consideration in such a case which is at once apparent is our ability to stop all traffic entering or leaving the Mediterranean. It is more correct perhaps to say that we can stop all at Suez and the Dardanelles for certain, and all entering Gibraltar except for a small leakage creeping through the straits at night. The traffic from port to port within the Mediterranean is, generally speaking, too small to need separate consideration.

In the work of this control we have Gibraltar, Toulon, and Algiers as bases from which to work in the west, Alexandria in the east, and, with the consent of Turkey, several harbours in the Ægean from which to watch the Dardanelles. In order to stop this control Italy would have to attack and defeat the Allied battle fleet.

I have for the last fifteen years spent, roughly, five months of each year in Italy. I know nothing of her defences; being a guest in the country I have never inquired about them; but I have had the honour and pleasure of knowing many naval officers, especially those in the higher ranks, and I can assert that they are excellent officers, keen, alert and up to date. The improvement in the handling of their ships in late years has been most marked, and the extent of their gunnery practices, judging from the noise out to sea, has been quadrupled. We must also remember that Italy is a country which has naval traditions, quite different to Germany, which has none. We may therefore expect to meet much greater naval aptitude should we ever meet the Italian fleet in battle than we have

(*Continued on page* 182)

THE EASTERN DOOR: The harbourage at Alexandria is an extraordinary affair of semi-circular basins and outer moles. Houses are packed close within narrow strips of territory, as shown in this portion of the harbour. There is no rising ground giving any natural protection—it is as striking a contrast to Gibraltar as could well be imagined. Historically Alexandria recalls the period of Greco-Roman culture when it played a notable and indeed a notorious part in the world's history. Cleopatra and her Anthony ruled here, before the waning of that epoch and the coming of the Arab and the Turk. In immediate history it figured conspicuously during the Abyssinian crisis, in the days when the League of Nations was imposing Sanctions; and now it is once again resounding to the bugles and the rattle of the anchor chains of big Allied fleets

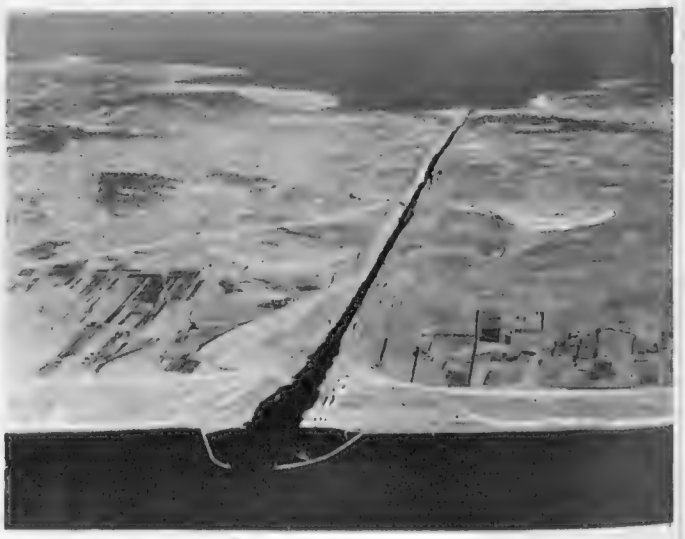
MEDITERRANEAN OF THE ALLIES pic

WHERE THE NAVY GUARDS THE WESTERN GATE: Gibraltar's naval harbour. The naval forces at the western end of the Mediterranean have with the exception of a couple of brief breaks held undisputed sway over the neighbouring waters. The harbour works have been extended from time to time and are powerfully armed to resist attack from any direction by land, sea or air

MALTA: Until the rise of the aeroplane as a weapon Mediterranean. It first came into English hands in have been in constant occupation by the British Na

LOOKING SOUTHWARD ACROSS GIBRALTAR'S HARBOUR: In the middle distance are British warships riding at anchor in the famous harbour of the Rock. The new mole was constructed between 1897 and 1908, giving effective harbourage for the naval units stationed at Gibraltar. In the immediate foreground are the local boats—the port, being a free one, is always busy in normal times with a procession of vessels coming and going

THE HARBOUR AT ALGIERS, FRANCE'S BUSY NORTH AFRICAN CITY: Both harbour and city bustle with life. The harbour itself dates from about 1530, when a mole 580 ft. in length was built by Barbarossa. To this very considerable effort the French have added three long jetties, which provide ample quay and dock accommodation. The ancient city rises in tiers from the sloping approaches which flank the harbour, while to right and left are the big white buildings of the modern city



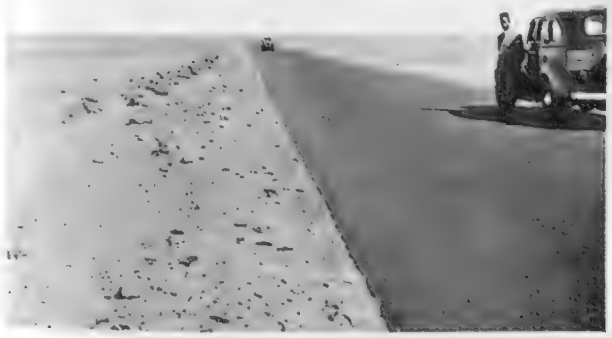
A CUTTING OF GREAT STRATEGIC VALUE, THE CORINTH CANAL IS OF MODERN ORIGIN: It cuts through a narrow rocky neck between Attica and Corinthia, two provinces of Southern Greece. Ships coming southward from the Adriatic can save many miles by using this canal when bound for Salonika and Constantinople

N STRONGHOLDS
ictured and described

pon of war Malta held undisputed sway in the Central
s in 1800. Since then the harbour and docks of Valetta
n Navy. The defences against air attack are very strong

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE EXCELLENT HARBOUR ACCOMMODATION AT ALEXANDRIA: The city has an excellent double harbour formed by a breakwater two miles in length, with a mole and ample quays. It is the great emporium of Egypt, corn, cotton, wool, and dates pouring up to the waiting ships from the whole length of the Egyptian Nile

TOURIST CHARM TURNS TO MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE: A beautiful vision of town, harbour and rocky hillside met the visitor who looked down upon the town and harbour of Palermo, lying beneath the stern flank of Monte Pellegrino



EGYPT'S STRATEGIC COASTAL HIGHWAY: There now exists a fine coastal road running right from the Pyramids in the Egyptian Delta to the Tripoli Frontier on the western borders of the Libyan desert plateau. It passes Mersa Matruh and Sollum on its way to the Italian frontier

GUARDING THE SUEZ CANAL: In this overhead view one sees the great artificial cleft brought into being by the enthusiasm of Ferdinand de Lesseps. It is probably the most important of all man-made cuttings of this description. Its influence on the development of the British Empire has been immense. Ever since its construction it has been the habitual highway of the innumerable stream of ships which have linked the homeland with India and Australasia. It is under an international control committee

THE STRATEGY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

(Continued from page 179)

hitherto met with in our encounters with the German navy. In a naval engagement we should be able to bring a superior number of ships to bear, so that for this reason, if for no other, we should be victorious.

The Italian Admiralty has devoted a considerable amount of its annual programme of construction to submarines and fast motor torpedo vessels. The first have lost much of their old time prestige during the last few months, owing to the skill developed by our men in detecting and sinking them; but they still constitute a serious threat especially when operating in the narrow waters between Sicily and the African coast. The fast motor boat is, in my opinion, too noisy to prove a weapon of great value; moreover it is useless in moderately bad weather.

It would appear from the latest reports that in the event of war we should continue to divert the passage of our merchant ships from the route through the Mediterranean. If the Admiralty decide to do this it would ease the work of our Navy very considerably. The main preoccupation of our ships then would be to endanger, or stop, the Italian transports passing over the sea. The geographical position of Italy places her well to attack our trade passing through the narrow part of the Mediterranean, owing to the possession of Sicily, Tripoli and the air bases on the Libyan coast. But if there is no trade to attack, then this position is largely wasted.

Her weakness lies in the possession of three colonies. Eritrea and Abyssinia (these may be looked on as one), to which access can be obtained only from the Red Sea. This communication we should at once sever by blockade outside of the 3-mile neutrality zone off Suez. We could arm the Abyssinian tribes, a good many of whom would be quite ready to fight, and we could, if desired, send troops from our Middle East army to attack Addis Ababa. This colony would probably change hands. Libya, the second colony, is a strip of coast line running from Egypt to Tunis, the eastern extremity of French Morocco. The French would have an army to the westward of this strip, and we should have an army to the eastward. This pincer would spell discomfort, to say the least of it, to this young budding colony by no means able at present to support itself. The Allied navies and air forces would be busily employed dealing with any transports which Italy might wish to send with men or stores to Tripoli, the main port of the colony.

The Allied aircraft should also be of assistance as an anti-submarine patrol for the defence of our blockade vessels working in the vicinity of the coast. Attack on all the Italian African colonies can be made without our making use of sea transport in the Mediterranean. The French in order to reinforce their troops in Morocco would have to transport troops and stores from Toulon to Algiers. In so doing they would have to be strongly convoyed but this should not prove to be a particularly hazardous passage.

Malta should prove to be a useful air base from which to gather information with regard to enemy movements and to warn our patrols. This island will undoubtedly be subjected to intensive air attacks. But let us hope that by this time the shores of the Grand and Quarantine harbours and the Marsa are fairly bristling with anti-aircraft guns. If properly installed and in sufficient numbers, they and the fighter machines should prove great deterrents to enemy bombers.

The third colony is a group of islands called the Dodecanese which lie in the southern part of the Ægean Sea. These should prove to be a weakness rather than a strength to Italy; since, like all isolated possessions, they would require the aid of ships during a war, which vessels are liable to be mopped up.

Italy has a fine air force which should prove of great service to her, but we should be able to supply machine for machine, and our airmen have during the war given practical evidence of their ability and valour. Submarines would be a danger and would necessitate meticulous defensive measures on our part; but, as I have already pointed out, they are considerably less immune from destruction than they were during the Great War.

Attacks on Italian harbours could be undertaken, Taranto could be bombarded; and, if the main Italian Fleet were beaten, damage could be done to the Adriatic ports. But it should never be forgotten that ships are no match for forts. Ships can be sunk, forts cannot be; damage to forts can be readily repaired, damage to ships takes a long time to put right; ships take from eighteen months to two and a half years to build, forts can be built in the time that it takes concrete to set firmly; ships cost from £1,500,000 to £6,000,000, a strong fort would cost at the outside £100,000. So caution is necessary in the use of our invaluable ships, which have many functions to fulfil in waters from the North Sea to the Far East.

THE AREA OF THE MEDITERRANEAN IS MUCH LARGER THAN ONE WOULD SUPPOSE: Its narrowness compared with its length help one in forming this under-estimate. As will be seen above, a curved line from Gibraltar to Alexandria covers some 1,900 miles. It is, moreover, divided into two parts, Eastern and Western, the dividing line figuring close to Malta and the toe of Italy. Malta would come in for a good deal of bombing, but it is expected that it would give a very good account of itself. The map shows the outstanding strategical situation as it stands at the opening of the month. The presence of big Allied fleets at Alexandria is the new and outstanding feature and for some time there has been the British army of the Near East based on Egypt and Palestine, occupying a chess-board position of great possibilities. The Italian areas are indicated by a darker tone. The islands and distant parts of its new empire would appear to be disadvantageous in the regrettable possibility of conflict

THE BALKAN BLOC WHICH MIGHT PROVE A TINDER-BOX TO SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE: Albania was seized by Italy on April 12, 1939, and has subsequently been modernised by the invader with many new roads, customs houses, and government buildings; its armed protection, one can presage, has not been neglected. Yugoslavia, during recent weeks, seemed to be the danger spot to peace, with Italy standing on the one side and Russia on the other. Hungary has not shown any clear realisation of the situation during recent months. Rumania remains in a relatively strong position, having recently undertaken definite measures of protection

It is not clear what use Italy would make of her army in such a war. Normally she has no desire to stir up trouble in the Balkans. The attitude of Russia is uncertain, but she has great interests in this quarter; so Italy would have to move warily. An amphibious attack on France would be sheer lunacy. An attack on Morocco or Egypt via Libya would find the Allies prepared, and Italy could hardly venture an oversea transport of troops unless she had first obtained command of the sea.

Kaleidoscopic changes are the order of the day, and it is impossible to forecast what changes in the combination of nations may come about. It seems perhaps shortsighted on the part of Italy to side with Germany in the war, and it is doubtful if she will actively do so, for, from what the world has learned of the Teutonic character, it seems that Germany, if victorious in the war, would, without doubt, double cross Italy and swoop her and her colonies into the new German Empire.

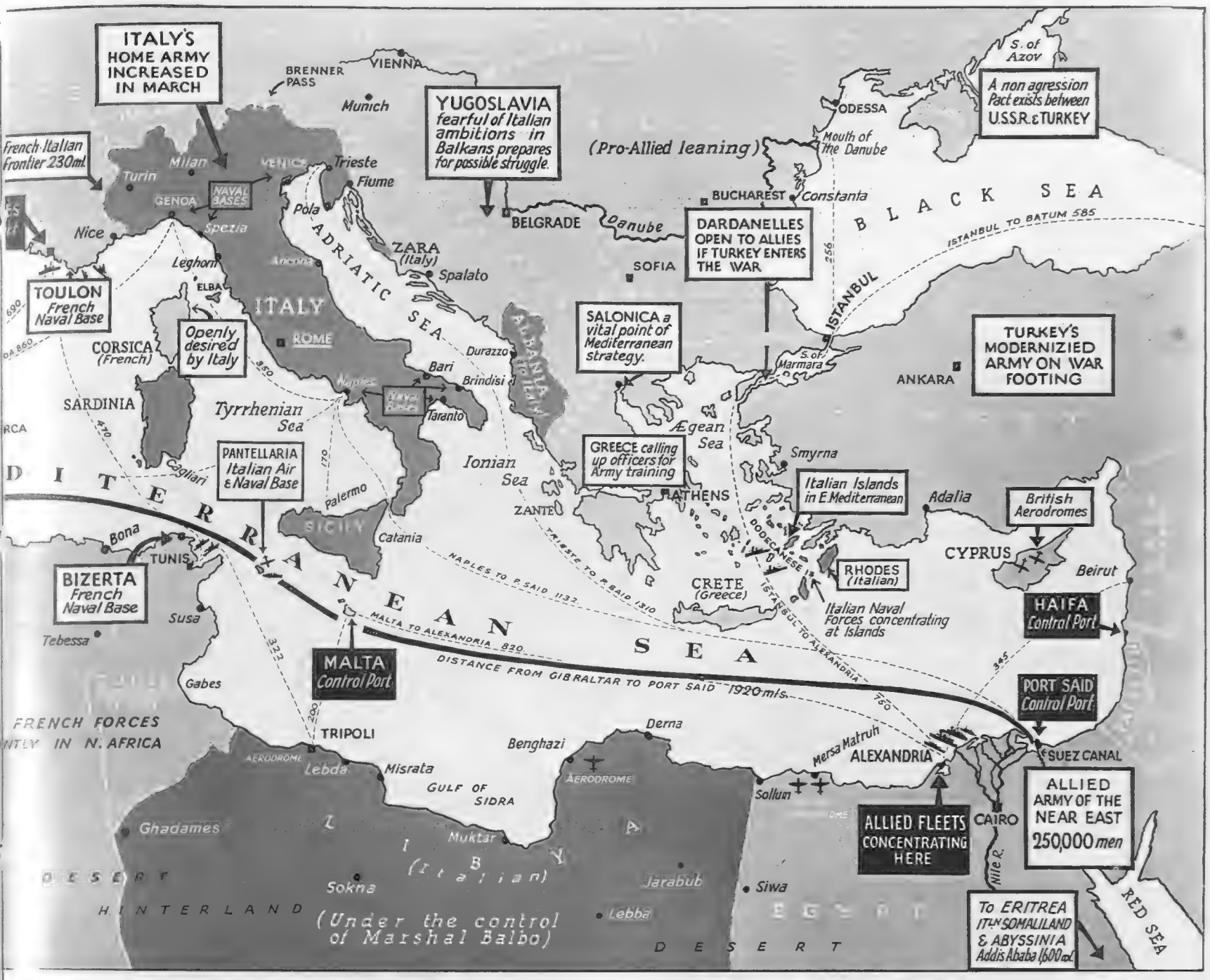
One thing is certain, if the Allied Navy in the Mediterranean is able to meet and beat the Italian Fleet, then, with only the northern railways to supply coal and other necessaries, Italy may well find that our blockade and her starvation and that of her colonies will bring a rapid conclusion to the war in the Mediterranean.

THE WEEK-END IN ITALY

The question whether Italy would enter the war in the near future preoccupied Rome during the week-end. The Pope at the end of his sermon in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, uttered the following:—

"Triumph in the world, O God of Hosts, and may that peace which Thy heart gives to Italy, that peace left by Thee to Thy apostles and which we implore for all men, return to the midst of the peoples and the nations whom forgetfulness of Thy love separates, whom rancour embitters, whom vengeance inflames. Then, O Jesus, disperse the whirlwind of death oppressing humanity redeemed by Thee."

Carried away by the thoughts of this prayer, the thousands in the nave of the church gave their assent not by repeating "Amen," but by clapping their hands.



THE AIR POSITION OF THE CENTRAL MEDITERRANEAN: Some of the outstanding bases both on the northern, European, shore and on the southern, African, shore are within comparatively short range of one another. What would result from intense air activity from these points it is not easy to foresee. A tremendously extended coast-line is obvious in the case of Italy. How far a general melee might arise could only be tested by actual combat. The Italian Air Force had no opposition in the Abyssinian campaign and is generally held to have dropped from its once high efficiency during recent times—if not in personnel, certainly in material, as many of its aircraft are definitely outworn types

THE STRUCTURE OF THE CENTRAL MEDITERRANEAN AREA: Geography and geology have recently been seen to influence European events to a marked degree. Here in this area they may well have a decisive effect. Italy discovers itself to be a narrow land with hundreds of miles of coast in proportion to its square mileage of territory. The geological structure of Italy arbitrarily decides where harbours will arise. The northern frontier of Italy is the natural Alpine barrier

The WAR on WATER

The Armed Trawlers of Scotland; a Destroyer Salvaged; the B.E.F.'s Collapsible Boats

Below and on right—**NOW THEY CAN HIT BACK WHEN ATTACKED**

So many Scottish trawlers have been attacked by German aircraft during the past months that it has now been decided to equip these hitherto helpless craft with Lewis guns, so that they can give low-flying marauders a taste of their own medicine. It is difficult to see what military purpose there is in machine-gunning helpless fishermen, but the enemy attacks have been continuous, deliberate and ferocious

THE TRAWLER'S GUN TURRET, NOW FITTED ON THE DECKS OF SCOTS TRAWLERS SO THAT THEY CAN HIT BACK WHEN ATTACKED BY ENEMY AIRCRAFT AT SEA

SALVAGING OUR LOST NAVAL VESSELS: THE "GYPSY" RAISED ON THE EAST COAST

Since the advent of war and the ruthless sinking of Allied and neutral unarmed merchantmen by submarine and mine warfare (and an occasional naval vessel) the salvageman comes into his own. Already the hazardous work of salvage is in operation around our coasts and vessels are now being reclaimed from the sea to be put into service again. These pictures were taken on the East Coast during salvage work on the destroyer *Gypsy* which was sunk by a German mine last November. *On the left* the vessel is shown being raised by salvage floats on each side of her; *on the right* the ship's bell is seen being brought up; and *above* the destroyer is seen beached awaiting the work of rebuilding in order to be put back into commission

THE ARMY IN FRANCE NOW EMPLOYS COLLAPSIBLE BOATS FOR RECONNAISSANCE: *On the left* a party of the York and Lancaster Regiment, now with the B.E.F. in France, are seen at river exercises with one of the collapsible boats now being used by infantry regiments for reconnaissance work. The picture *on the right* shows a different type of boat, used for similar purposes and by the same regiment. These two pictures illustrate, in yet another detail, how complete is the equipment of our Expeditionary Force

SIGNALLING AT SEA

A Special Section Dealing With Communication from Ship to Ship

The Intensely Responsible Work of the Signal Officer Described by Commander EDGAR P. YOUNG

CONVEYING A MESSAGE OF POWER ON THE SEA: The battleship is displaying a St. George flag from a small post on the control tower and is also flying the White Ensign from the mainmast—a not infrequent practice

DESPITE the greatly increased complexity of modern naval communications, the qualified Signal Officer remains a comparative rarity. Thus, whereas every warship larger than a destroyer carries its specialist officer for navigation, gunnery, and torpedo duties respectively, it is only in flagships, flotilla leaders, and aircraft-carriers that a specialist officer for signal duties is found.

Even a huge battleship like the *Rodney*, sister-ship of the Fleet flagship *Nelson*, has only a warrant officer in charge of her costly and complicated wireless communications, while her visual signalling department is in charge of a senior rating, the Chief Yeoman of Signals.

That a branch on whose efficiency the success or failure of any strategical or tactical operation must depend can with safety be thus left in charge of comparatively junior personnel is clear indication of the high degree of efficiency which is expected of each individual member, whether of the wireless or of the visual signalling department. It indicates also the very great responsibility which rests on the Signal Officer who controls them.

During such time as his unit is in harbour, the Signal Officer must go from ship to ship as necessary to ensure that the wireless sets are properly maintained and correctly tuned. He must also exercise his signalmen and telegraphists so that they can be relied upon always to carry out their functions with meticulous correctness and with speed.

At sea he must act, as it were, as part of his Admiral's brain—or rather as two parts, for he must receive and interpret to his chief the reports which come in by various channels, and he must also transmit to the units in his charge the orders which determine and co-ordinate their actions. He must also be ready at any time to advise his Admiral, if asked for such advice, on how to manœuvre his ships.

If the Admiral wishes to order an alteration of course or speed, or a change of formation, he merely tells his Signal Officer what he wants done. Such manœuvring signals are always (for purposes of rapidity even more than for reasons of secrecy) sent out in code, and the Signal Officer is usually able to dictate such signals in code from memory. Where the distance between ships is so great or the conditions of visibility are so poor that flag signals cannot be distinguished, these signals, in their coded form, may be transmitted by signalling projector, which usually takes longer, as the signal may have to be repeated from ship to ship.

By using wireless the delay which would be experienced if a signal is passed by signalling projector can be reduced, and indeed where many ships are addressed a signal can often be passed even more rapidly by wireless than by flags. The use of wireless is liable, however, to reveal to an enemy using wireless direction finders the position of the transmitting ships, and therefore in time of war it is usual to rely on visual signalling until action has actually been joined.

Where ships are spread widely for purposes of reconnaissance it is common to station what are called "linking ships" at visual distance apart between them and the Admiral. By this means the Admiral is able to receive reports from his ships and to pass out orders to them without using wireless.

In modern warfare, however, the speed at which the opposing fleets approach each other is so great that the reconnaissance screen must be stationed at a very great distance ahead of the Admiral. In such circumstances it would obviously be wasteful of both ships and time to pass signals by visual means through a long chain of "linking ships."

Once action has been joined there is no longer any advantage to be gained by the preservation of "wireless silence," and thereafter wireless is used for a number of different purposes, for each of which a definite frequency is allotted. The Signal Officer has then to keep control of six or more wireless lines of communication in such a way that they do not jam each other, while at the same time controlling his various visual lines.

It is then that his responsibility reaches its peak, for at any moment one or other of his lines may be temporarily or permanently disabled and he must decide immediately what other line to use. If no such alternative line is disengaged, he must decide which of the various lines can the most easily be dispensed with and give orders accordingly.

This is the time for which all his harbour and peace-time exercises have been a preparation, and when his own quickness and presence of mind will be put to the crucial test. And when the action is over, when other specialist officers can relax, the Signal Officer's task is by no means over. With his bruised and shattered communications he must try to establish contact with what remains of his Admiral's command, to re-form them for further service and to report results to the Admiralty. He cannot afford to relax until the whole fleet is back.

A FLAG-READING PROBLEM: An awkward state of affairs occurs when the wind is blowing directly from one ship to the other. The flags will be blown out so that only a narrow edge of bunting appears in the binocular view of the Signal Warrant Officer on left

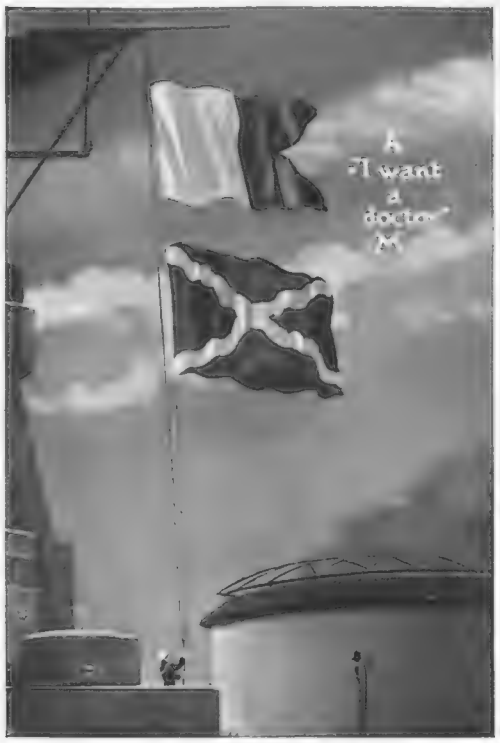
WHEN THE ADMIRAL WISHES TO SEND A MESSAGE to a ship or ships, he gives it to the Signal Officer, generally a lieutenant, who is at his elbow at all necessary moments. The actual sending of the message from the flag bridge is done by the signaller and his party of ratings, who run up the "hoists"

NAVAL COMMUNICATIONS

A Special "Sphere" Section Dealing with Signalling at Sea

The Various Methods described by
FRANK BOWEN

HOISTING A MESSAGE WHICH MAY MEAN A GOOD DEAL—"I WISH TO SIGNAL TO YOU"



THE TWO LETTERS A.M. GIVE AN URGENT MESSAGE, "I WANT A DOCTOR"

EVER since fighting ships have been moved in company to the orders of an Admiral, efficient means of communicating his instructions to his subordinates have been of the greatest importance, and the increasing speed of the ships, and of the effects of modern weapons, has made signalling more important than ever. The trouble at the Dogger Bank action and the Battle of Jutland, through signals not being understood or passed with proper efficiency, was only repeating the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War, where the Russian signalling was very defective and cost them many ships and lives. There is no lack of attention to the subject in the British Navy to-day.

The layman is apt to think, because wireless telegraphy has made such great strides within recent years, that it is all that the Navy needs for communication but it is only one of the methods constantly used and it has many drawbacks besides robbing the admiral in distant waters of his initiative; since 1928 all ships have been fitted with short-wave wireless so that they are within reach of the Admiralty at some time within the twenty-four hours no matter what their position. While wireless is obviously indispensable for long-distance work, and a modern fleet could not be handled without it, it has many disadvantages. In war-time the standing orders are that the use of wireless must be restricted as much as possible. The manner in which the British read German wireless code messages during the late war, and deciphered them in the famous Room 40 at the Admiralty, was revealed after the Armistice.

There can be no doubt, however, that H.M. ships used their wireless far too much in the early days of the late war and that by using their direction-finding gear the German raiding cruisers got a very fair idea of the position of their pursuers. Both the *Karlsruhe* and the *Emden* escaped on several occasions through picking up wireless messages which need never have been sent, and continued their destruction of British commerce.

Wireless is such a very convenient method of communication that the authorities are always anxious lest too much dependence should be put on it and the alternatives not kept up to their proper pitch of perfection. Wireless aerials are very often shot away in action, especially between small craft such as destroyers, and emergency aerials, although they can be used, are not really effective. All the efforts of the experts have failed to prevent messages being jammed by the enemy, although it is not as easy as it used to be in the late war when the telegraphist in a British cruiser successfully prevented the Germans getting out essential messages during an action by tapping out "God Save the King . . . God Save the King . . ." as quickly as he could get it out, which the Germans considered to be adding insult to injury. The ether is still further crowded, which is another disadvantage to wireless, by the use of wireless telephony for the non-confidential signals over short distances.

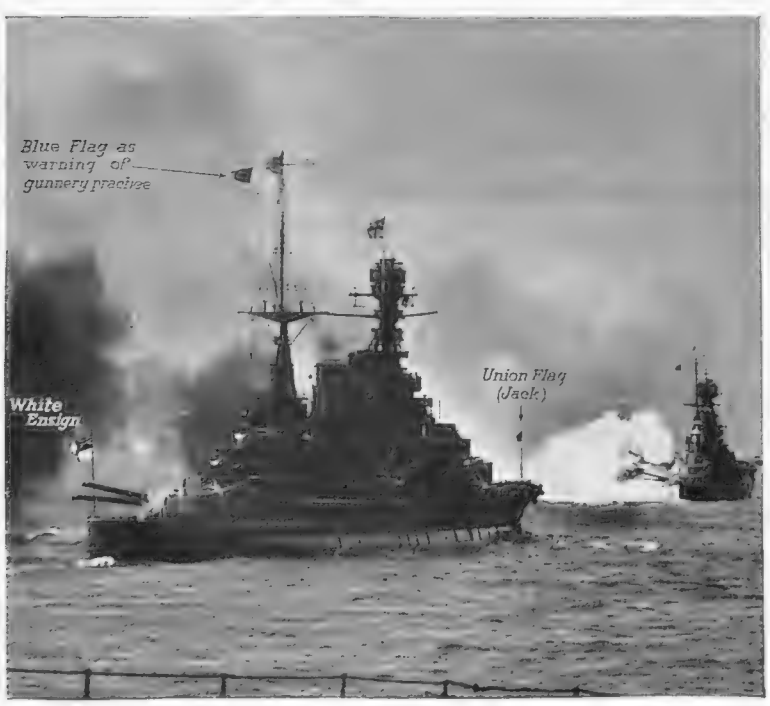
So, although the telegraphist ratings do exceedingly well, their duty including the greater part of that done by officers in the Mercantile Marine, the signal ratings do equally good work and, perhaps because it is done in the open and in sight of everybody, it is even more picturesque.

In a big ship which is communicating with others all day long, and which is almost invariably in company, the signal staff are given quite a big bridge for their work and to do it efficiently they need elbow room. A small ship like a destroyer or escort vessel, on the other hand, which does not make so many signals but is generally in a hurry when she does, has very little room to spare, and the signal staff, which may consist of three watches of one man apiece, works under great difficulties.

There are any number of standing signals in the Navy, some of them in common with the Merchant Service, which anybody can read and understand, but it requires a smart signalman to carry on a conversation. International Code flag "A" means that the ship is undergoing speed trials and requests the right of way. The Blue Peter has its usual significance of a ship going to sea, but it is not flown when it may give useful information to

SEMAPHORE SIGNALLING IS A VERY USEFUL ADJUNCT, MUCH EMPLOYED WHEN SHIPS ARE CLOSE AT HAND

SIGNALLING BY WIRELESS WOULD SEEM BUT IT HAS MANY DANGERS AND AERIAL APPARATUS MAY BE SHOT



THE BLUE FLAG WHICH INDICATES THAT GUNNERY PRACTICE IS TAKING PLACE (THE JACK AT THE BOW IS NOT FLOWN AT SEA)

THE SMALL SEARCHLIGHT IS VERY USEFUL FOR COMMUNICATING IN DULL WEATHER AND IS EFFECTIVE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

Above are given pictorial exam method has advantages at certain an action. Wireless, for instance, employed when vessels are far

FLAG WAGGING, THOUGH PRIMEVAL IN ORIGIN, IS, AGAIN, A VERY USEFUL METHOD UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS

TO BE THE MOST EFFICIENT METHOD, DISABILITIES—FOR INSTANCE, THE WHOLE AWAY, ESPECIALLY IN THE LIGHTER CRAFT

ples of the methods of communicating from ship to ship. Each moments and in certain types of weather and in certain stages of is employed once the action is fully engaged, but is not usually apart and do not wish to reveal their positions to the enemy

enemy agents; and a ship whose crew is at Divine Service carries a distinctive flag, which warns everybody in the neighbourhood that she is not to be worried by any callers or signals which are not absolutely essential. In addition to flags there are shapes hoisted in different ways; two black canvas balls mean that the ship is damaged and not under control, while three hoisted in the form of a triangle tell everybody that she is minesweeping and that they should keep out of her company for their own protection. Black canvas cones hoisted at different heights on the mainmast indicate the number of revolutions at which a ship's engines are turning, essential information for her next astern in judging speed for the accurate station-keeping, which is insisted upon in war as in peace. Other distinctive signs which are given the widest publicity indicate a ship on boarding duty in connection with the Contraband Control, carrying war pilots or attending to defensive booms, etc.

Apart from wireless, **the most usual and useful means of communicating between ships is by flags** which are hoisted in groups in their proper order and which can convey any message desired, and which can be identified over long distances. The Navy uses both the International Code—invariably when it is communicating with merchant ships or foreign men-of-war—or the Naval Code. Although both include many of the same flags they are quite different. For instance, "A" in the International Code is "U" in the Naval, "L" in the International is "F" in the Naval and "Y" is "A." The hoisting of a distinctive flag with each signal shows unmistakably which code is in use and prevents confusion. It might be thought better to have entirely different flags for each code, but it is not at all easy to design flags which cannot be mistaken for one another when the absence of wind makes them droop on the halyards, or its direction blows them straight towards the ship trying to read them. It is wonderful how the trained seaman can distinguish the different flags.

When a number of H.M. ships are in company flag signals are being exchanged all day, generally starting from the flagship. She transmits most of her orders in that way, either "general signals" to every ship in the squadron or particular ones to individual ships, the latter being preceded by the ship's number. To prevent confusion, each ship repeats the Admiral's signal to show that she has understood it, and the act of hauling down the flags is the executive order to carry out the instructions given.

The International Code is descended from that devised many years ago by Captain Marryat, the novelist, for the particular use of the Merchant Service, and one of the many good ideas of the late Lord Charles Beresford was to establish exercises between H.M. ships and merchantmen which they happened to meet at sea.

Coloured flags are not the only means of visual signalling in constant use. There is the **semaphore** which is placed on pillars at the wings of the bridge and worked with handles at its foot, for in the old days, before the wireless gear demanded so much space, ships were fitted with a big semaphore at the masthead, and that had a very considerable range. For such a range nowadays a **searchlight would be used in daylight,** a specially designed one much smaller than the standard type and fitted with a shutter in slats like a Venetian blind. Even in strong sunlight this will carry a tremendous distance, and at night, when a bright lamp at the masthead is all that is needed at close quarters, the searchlight can be made to throw its beam vertically and spell out its messages on the cloud.

When the distance is very short the signalman will get into a prominent position and spell out the message with two small hand flags if he is using semaphore, or one for Morse.

The Morse Code is used for wireless flashing and occasionally for sound signals, but further codes provide for brevity and secrecy. Although the International Code flags represent all the letters of the alphabet, it would be a long and tedious job to spell out every message so that hundreds of messages can be sent by different combinations of flags, carefully listed in the International Code Book, and it is only with very unusual words that it is necessary actually to spell. Similarly, the naval signal flags carry long messages through a carefully compiled code, and although the book is always handy on the signal bridge the signalmen make a point of memorising all the urgent and more usual signals.

Officers of different ships are permitted to have their personal messages signalled and a private signal log is kept of these. It consists largely of invitations to dinner or golf to which the traditional answers are "W.M.P." (with much pleasure) or "M.R.U." ("No can do"). The private signal which is strictly irregular but which is practised whenever ships gather together is the conversation of the signalmen. It is carried out in semaphore, working from the wrists only, and nobody but an expert signalman can understand it, for the messages are sent at lightning speed and are abbreviated bewilderingly. By this means all the gossip of the Fleet goes round in a matter of minutes.

First thing every morning the signalman on duty on the flagship's bridge is expected to find out from the Admiral's valet the exact state of the great man's temper, and this is immediately passed round the whole fleet.

The Signal Branch of the Navy is one of very high tradition; it entails very hard work, but there is good pay and quick promotion. It is one of the few branches of naval activity in which it is quite impossible to cover up the slightest mistake or to pass the blame.

THE BLUE PETER FLAG INDICATES THAT A VESSEL IS LEAVING PORT

THE RAISING OF THE BLACK CONE INDICATES INCREASED SPEED IN A VESSEL WHEN, SAY, STEAMING IN LINE AHEAD

A FAMILIAR SIGN THESE DAYS—THE THREE BLACK BALLS OF THE MINESWEEPER

THE TELEPHONE LINE IS A RAPID AND ACCURATE MEANS OF LAND COMMUNICATION —BUT IT MAY SUFFER UNDER CONCENTRATED ENEMY SHELL FIRE

THE ROYAL CORPS of SIGNALS

A Branch of the Army of Increasing Importance, Calling for Intrepidity and Fearlessness of Responsibility

By NOEL THOMPSON

FIXING THE POLES CARRYING A TELEPHONE LINE TO H.Q.—THE POLES ARE CARRIED ON THE SIDES OF THE LORRY

WERE it not that the Royal Artillery had already laid claim to "Ubique" in its crest, the Royal Corps of Signals should certainly have used it. Unfortunately there is no superlative to "Ubiquitous," so the Signal Corps contents itself with a figure of Mercury, the messenger of the Gods, and the motto *Certa cito* — accurate and swift.

It is such an obvious truism that modern warfare is impossible without accurate and swift communications that the layman is likely to overlook the fact. No campaign, big or small, no expedition of any kind can be initiated or carried on without its signals to maintain its communications, whether such communication is carried out by wireless, by line, by aeroplane messages, by dispatch rider, by pigeons or by visual signalling.

That is why, after talking with some of the officers, I agree with them that they could not have a job with more variety and interest. In peacetime they may find themselves attached to territorials in England or with a campaign in North-west India, or stationed at one of the outposts of Empire, for wherever there is a fraction of the British Army the Signal Corps must be represented.

Since the South African War, and the introduction of smokeless powder, the need for sure methods of long-distance signalling has steadily grown. The distance over which battles are fought has steadily increased until now it is a question of covering hundreds and hundreds of miles with means of communication as near perfect as possible. The eyes and ears of the war must be unhampered.

How little did people think, when telegraphy was first used in a campaign—General Napier's in Abyssinia—to what an extent it would grow. In every campaign since then Signals have been very much on the spot. At first they were part of the Royal Engineers, as the Telegraph Battalion. In 1911 they became the Army Signal Service, still part of the Royal Engineers, and it was not till 1920 that the Signal Corps became a separate entity, very shortly afterwards receiving the honour of adding "Royal" to its title.

In brief, the duties of the Royal Signal Corps are to provide the communication between G.H.Q. and the headquarters of infantry battalions, artillery, cavalry, and armoured units, as well as the extensive communication required on the lines of communication. Each brigade, regiment, or squadron has its own signal section, probably in charge of a junior officer, who is responsible for seeing that the unit's internal communications are adequate.

In the last war there was hardly a section of signals that did not at some time have to fight like tigers in the front line. And the subaltern is in the fortunate position, since all messages go through his hands to and from H.Q., not only of learning the theoretical side of tactics but of seeing them applied, and of being able, if required, to apply them himself.

As for his initiative, he may be called on equally to deal with questions big and small. Supposing a brigade commander decides to advance. The signals officer has to make up his mind exactly by what methods communications have to be maintained according to the land on which operations take place. He will advise the commander as to where H.Q., from his point of view, may be established. The commander decides. But the method of communication is entirely the subaltern's affair, and he stands or falls by his decision, a big responsibility.

Telephone line is rapid and accurate, and is not liable to interception, but it takes time to lay and time to repair if it is broken up by shell fire. For less mobile affairs this is preferred. In the last war it was found that the Germans "tapped" our lines with amazing frequency, but this was not "tapping" in the strict sense of the word. Lines buried in wet earth, or even lying on top of wet ground, were

A VARIETY OF FIELD TELEPHONES ARE USED—HERE IS ONE EMPLOYED IN CONNECTION WITH GUN BATTERIES

"vulnerable." Enemy wires lying parallel even at some distance could pick up telephony and Morse quite clearly. There is an instrument now to prevent this.

As the communication system gets farther back from the front line, so the complexity of the telegraph and telephone system increases, and the most modern systems, such as are employed in civil practice, obtain.

Wireless is invulnerable between its terminal points and is much more mobile, but is a slower form of communication, because cypher has to be used, and cypher doubles the time taken to transmit a message. Incidentally, cypher and codes are nothing to do with the Signal Corps; their job is to transmit and receive a message, not to codify or decode. Wireless sets employed by the corps vary from those of world-wide range to small portable sets for use in forward areas.

And if the officers have to be men of initiative and brain, so have the other ranks, who are frequently on their own in positions calling for quick decisions. Take one branch, the dispatch riders. There is an idea that they are just glorified motor cyclists. Actually they must be men of out of the ordinary common sense and grit. They must know map-reading intimately, and not merely by names of villages or hamlets.

I was told a story of a dispatch rider in the last war who received his orders from a sergeant-major. Placing his thumb on a map (and his thumb probably covered a couple of square miles of country), the latter said, "Take this message to H.Q., which may be either 'ere or 'ere," and on that the dispatch rider had to set off. Headquarters may have moved five miles, but he has got to get through to them and report back. Such are the men who have thrilled thousands with their motor-cycle trick riding at Olympia Military Tournament year after year.

I have dealt with the type of officers in the Royal Corps of Signals to show what is required—and, of course, all officers now come through the ranks—men with the powers of leadership and technical knowledge, or with the education which will allow them quickly to acquire the technical knowledge. I have dealt with the dispatch riders. What about some of the other ranks?

About half the corps are operators. Men, over twenty-seven, who are good typists, linotype operators, or teleprinter operatives, who can volunteer, or if they are due to be called up they should apply early, are wanted in the Signal Corps. After a month of military training they will be put on a special course lasting twenty-five weeks, or twenty weeks if they are going to work a teleprinter. As soon as they have reached the requisite standard they receive tradesmen's rates which are 50 per cent. higher, and often more, than the ordinary army rate —and this pay may start after two months.

I suggested that amateur wireless enthusiasts who know Morse would be useful men, and found that such men have volunteered or applied after being called up and have found a congenial task right away. In fact, there are so many branches that there is a wide choice for men of the right mentality. Wireless mechanics are also needed, also electricians and a few motor drivers.

Work in this country goes on smoothly with the G.P.O. On one occasion, however, the Post Office let them down. There are few Morse workers available from the Post Office, who suggested instead that they had trained workers of the teleprinter. On inquiry it was found that they were all women and girls! But newspaper and stockbroker office operators of the teleprinter will start with a big advantage. So will switch-board operators.

The speed of a Morse operator at passing out must be twenty-two words a minute, which he will probably work up to between twenty-eight and thirty words a minute. A teleprinter operator should average 100 messages an hour or about 1,300 words. Abbreviations are rarely used—they lead to misunderstandings or may not be understood at the receiving end.

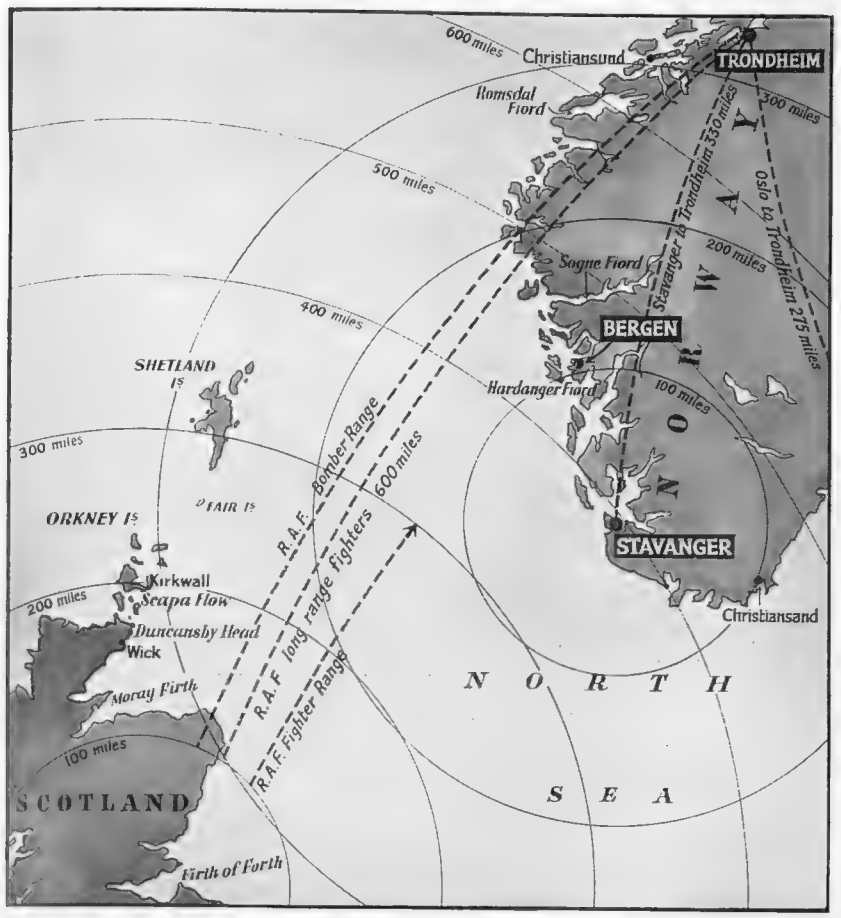
Of the work of the Royal Corps of Signals in the present war I cannot write. Obviously it must remain secret but that the corps is represented everywhere goes without saying. And when I say everywhere I mean it, for apart from the Western Front, and obviously Norway, there is the Indian Signal Corps, and representatives in all our fixed defences such as Hong Kong, Malaya, Bermuda, Malta, Gibraltar, Singapore, Sierra Leone, and Mauritius, etc.

Anyone who has been infuriated by a faulty telephone line, or raged at interference on the wireless will appreciate the farewell remark of one senior officer who suggested that an apt text could be taken from St. Paul, "Evil communications corrupt good manners"!

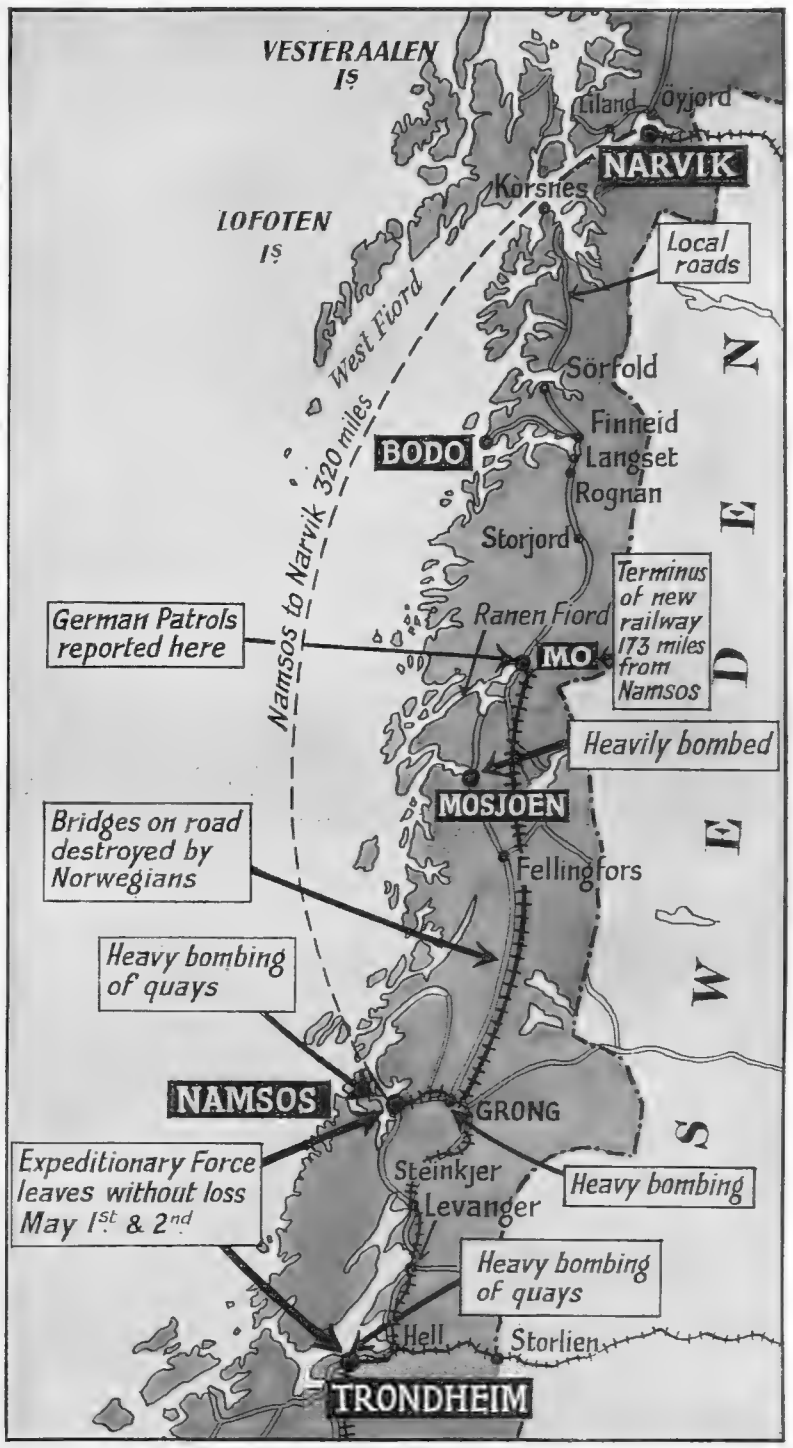
SO IMPORTANT IS RAPID COMMUNICATION BECOMING THAT INFANTRYMEN ARE NOW CARRYING WIRELESS SETS FOR RECEIVING AND TRANSMITTING

THE NORWEGIAN SITUATION

Closing in Round Narvik : The Air Problem Analysed in Diagram

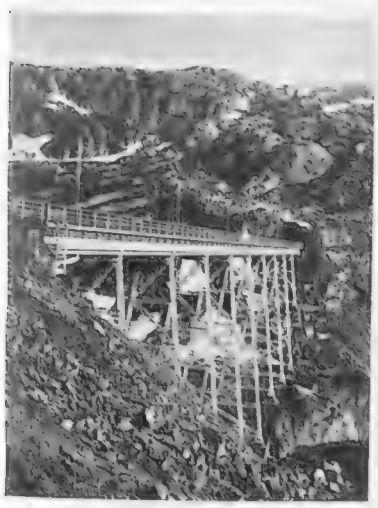


THE FACTOR OF DISTANCE IN THE AIR WAR: The lay critic has naturally been perturbed at the strength of the air attack on our Norwegian forces among the mountains and fiords. Why could we not meet the attack by counter attack? It is all a question of petrol supply and consequent range of the fighter and the bomber. Squadrons of R.A.F. fighters could have beaten off the enemy bombers had their bases been less distant. The situation demanded scores of long-range fighters, a special type which must be available if such a situation is not to arise again

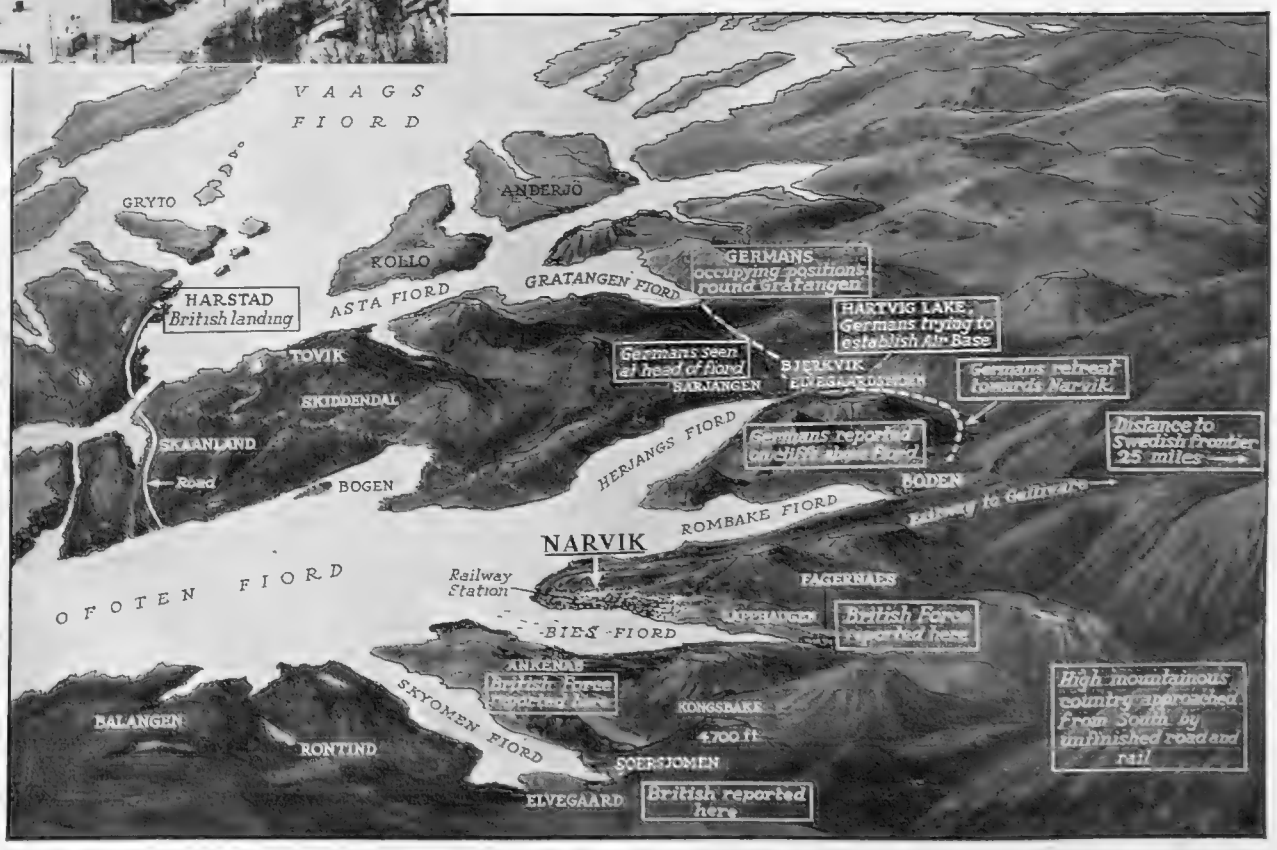


THE EXTRICATION FROM THE NAMSOS AREA: The tactical movements of last week are here shown in relation to the Narvik area, with the intervening road and rail possibilities of enemy advance. Mosjoen has already been bombed by the enemy owing to its tactical importance. German patrols were reported to have reached Mo, the rail terminus, at the opening of the week. From Mo northwards to Narvik, a distance of 186 miles, there are a series of roads serving local points. Immediately south of Narvik is heavy mountain country, which it would be extremely difficult to penetrate on foot

NARVIK, TO WHICH THE GERMAN FORCES HAVE RETREATED: This view shows the railway tracks and quays of the iron-ore railway at its Narvik terminus. The scattered German forces had, at the beginning of the week, retreated to a defensive circle including the town itself



A BRIDGE ON THE ORE RAILWAY: It was probable that all German forces, including any alongside the ore railway, had concentrated on the defended area of Narvik town. They evidently did not appreciate the "Brown on Resolution" position on the exposed heights and cliffs above the Rombake Fiord



THE RETREAT OF THE GERMANS TO NARVIK: They are being driven in by Allied pressure from Harstad—as well as by a lack of food and ammunition. All the German detachments, amounting to some 4,000-5,000 men, are now concentrated upon Narvik town

ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE EVACUATION OF ANDALSNES: This picture, just smuggled out of Norway, was taken at one of the points at which British troops were landed. The town was subjected to severe bombing by the Germans, whose brutal invasion had placed them in possession of all the Norwegian air bases in a country where such bases are rare

THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE NAZI BOMBARDMENT OF NAMSOS: British Naval forces landed here on April 14 and were followed shortly after by British troops. Several bombardments by the Nazis followed, and in view of this and other difficulties our forces were ultimately withdrawn. The streets of the once prosperous little port are now a mass of bomb wreckage with but the husks of a few houses still left standing

BOMB-WRECKED STEINKJER AFTER THE GERMANS HAD FINISHED WITH IT: Once a beautiful, civilised little Norwegian city, Steinkjer is now a mass of debris—the work of German bombers

LANDING AN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

The Difficulties Involved in a Great Task

Described by GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

DURING the past weeks I have been somewhat concerned at the rather light-hearted way in which certain articles in the Press have referred to the slowness in landing our Expeditionary Force in Norway. It has worried me as I think that such criticisms are unfair not only to the services engaged but also to the public. I can only write as an old Staff Officer, quite out of date to-day, but as one who had considerable experience of staff work from the junior to the highest positions, culminating in my last years as a Staff Officer as Major-General, General Staff of the Second Army to Lord Plumer, that most thorough and capable commander. Those of us who were fortunate to serve under him learnt a lot. His Army more than once exceeded thirty divisions, totalling 750,000 men. His outstanding characteristic was thoroughness. He frequently told me that any success he attained was due to having been Quartermaster-General of the Army. He understood what I always term "the back arrangements," and in all his operations, notably the Battle of Messines, he personally went into all these arrangements. Nothing escaped him, as we of his staff knew well.

I have quoted the above in order to lead up to the question of landing an Expeditionary Force. In 1914 it was difficult enough. The arrangements which we had then made with the French worked well and we landed successfully and were sent up country according to schedule. In fact, the only criticism which I remember was the report that machine-guns were sent in one ship and the belts in another, but I do not know if that was really true. Anyhow, the original force, which sailed in August, 1914, was only two corps, the first from Aldershot under Sir Douglas Haig, the second from Salisbury under Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. The third corps, under Sir William Pulteney, and to which I was G.S.O.2, was formed during the Retreat and consisted of the 4th and later the 6th Divisions. In all, a comparatively small force, and not encumbered as in the present day with much transport and heavy vehicles.

Bases were formed at various ports and the building up of the same progressed quite normally with no threats of aeroplanes or submarines. And so we continued throughout the years of the war. When we came on leave we were told to wear lifebelts, but thanks to the Royal Navy we never had any anxiety and I do not think that any transport, store ship, or leave boat was ever interfered with. What a change to-day! We all applauded the smooth and successful way in which our Expeditionary Force was again landed in France and we have all applauded the way in which the troops of our great Dominions have been successfully and secretly conveyed to their various destinations. The aeroplane, the submarine and the mine have all increased the dangers of transport a thousandfold.

It is a very different problem for those who are responsible. The element of secrecy is now vital. We were, indeed, proud when we heard on the wireless that the Canadians had reached here, that the Australians and New Zealanders had arrived in Egypt, that the South Africans and Newfoundlanders and others had disembarked. All evidence of good staff work and worthy of the greatest tribute to the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force. All that secured what one may term our normal working, the transport of troops and their supply services to our various theatres of war. As far as I know, our forces on the Western Front and in Palestine and Egypt are well established, well fed and supplied and all arrangements have been very well carried out. That is all to the good and we reached a point at which we were well established and ready for any eventuality.

We had not long to wait. We looked on at the Russian onslaught on Finland and made our preparations to help that gallant little country. We prepared a force. Norway and Sweden did not wish to give us facilities of transport. The Germans by base treachery seized Norway and in a moment we found ourselves right up against it. It was a clever but dastardly bit of work on the part of our enemy—an act outside our own mentality but I trust it will not be so again.

I listened recently to a lecture by Sir Nevile Henderson, with whom I worked in Turkey. He was giving us the real Hitler. It was, like his book, a very interesting picture. Hitler's latest effort, the jumping of Norway as a protector and friend, was a bold stroke and might have succeeded but for our prompt action. It was quite evident that Hitler could not be allowed to establish air bases at will on the coast of Norway within easy reach of this country and consequently steps had to be taken without a moment's delay.

The glorious story of our destroyers, the *Hardy*, *Hunter*, *Havoc* and others, all so well known to me at Gibraltar, and the gallant action of the *Warspite*, an old friend of mine when the flagship of Sir Dudley Pound, will add to the splendid record of our great Navy. The incessant bombing of Stavanger and other air bases in Norway by the Royal Air Force has won and is winning the admiration of all. It is all just sheer determination that Hitler is not going to have those bases from which he can attack our country.

It was essential that we should land a force and the decision was taken without hesitation. The risk had to be taken, and was. This was, however, a very different problem to the landing of an Expeditionary Force in normal times as I have described above. This force was to land in a strange and unsurveyed country. It had to land in secret at small ports with few facilities. The enemy hold the main ports and the main air bases. It is inconceivable to think of a more difficult situation. Obviously Trondheim was the key to the whole situation if we could get it. With Narvik and Trondheim we should have had a good lodgment. The railway lines from Trondheim, the possession of the two big valleys, were the key to the whole situation, but the enemy had secured the first big lump by his treachery and had undoubtedly produced more troops than we had anticipated.

The air was the difficulty. The enemy had the bases, though our Air Force have done yeoman service in order to make them useless, and we have, I understand, only one so-called base. We were for a long time unable to make full use of our fighters, which was a great handicap. Throughout all this we were landing our forces under immense difficulties.

Armies to-day are full of mechanical vehicles—artillery, tanks, trucks, Bren-gun carriers, etc.—all heavy vehicles which require cranes to land and large parties to handle. In former days armies embarked with comparatively few horses, mules and vehicles and disembarked easily and got away. To-day this is all different. In the small ports at which the Allied forces disembarked, no doubt only comparatively small ships could be berthed and the crane and landing facilities were probably extremely bad. Added to all this was the constant danger of enemy air attack. So different from the scenes at Havre, Boulogne, etc., in the last war with unloading day and night under full light. Obviously

MAJOR-GENERAL BERNARD PAGET, who was in command of the British land forces at Andalsnes, whose "determination and skilful dispositions" were praised by the Prime Minister when recording the story of the British withdrawals from Norway

BRIGADIER CHARLES GEORGE PHILLIPS, who (the Prime Minister stated) was fully justified in taking the risk he did by pushing ahead at Trondheim: the Germans, however, struck at his flank and were able to cut off some of our more advanced troops

in all landings the first and foremost task must be to get troops ashore and out at once to cover the landing and that is what I picture has been the trouble.

I speak without any knowledge, but I can picture the commander pushing out and having to push out to check an advancing enemy and not having sufficient artillery, tanks, etc., behind him, as they were still in the process of being landed. Undoubtedly the enemy was stronger than anticipated, but I was never worried by reports of checks as I was convinced that that was to be anticipated. I am never worried by what are termed temporary withdrawals. We suffered so much in the last war, and I speak with nearly four years' experience of the defence of the Ypres salient by some ingrained idea that we must, being British, never give up one yard of ground held. It is much sounder policy to retire if necessary to ground which is easier to hold and from which the enemy's advance can be denied.

The announcement made by the Prime Minister and the War Office on Thursday last of the withdrawal of our troops south of Trondheim though disappointing is, I am sure, wise. I have the greatest confidence in the judgment of Major-General B. T. Paget, late Commandant of the Staff College. I remember him as a cadet at Sandhurst when I was an instructor there. I am very glad to hear that he is dealing with this extremely difficult situation. As the Prime Minister rightly said, if we are at the end of the first phase and we have not won, neither has Hitler. He has suffered enormous naval losses which he can ill afford, and it is quite likely that he will suffer many more.

I do not think that we should be in any way depressed over Trondheim. We cannot deny that we hoped very much to get it and we were forestalled for the moment, but we shall get it later without doubt. We were justified in taking the risk and with it we also wanted the luck, but we did not get that. The enemy got such a big lead, owing to treachery, that he was able to produce much superior forces.

It would appear from reports that Hitler had all his plans completely prepared, as he has done frequently before, and that his agents certainly did their work to the full when the word was given, but it is still a mystery to me that a country—Norway or any other—can be completely caught and comply with orders without a word, as happened in this case. Undoubtedly Norway could have curtailed the German advance to a great extent by demonstrations, but it seems as if the blow came so suddenly that all action was numbed and it is quite likely that Norway did not think that the Allied help would really materialise. It is evident that King Haakon and his nation think differently now and that more and more Allied help will be forthcoming. It is certain that we intend to see this thing through.

The great naval achievement at Narvik will not go unrewarded. The Germans will not enjoy their air bases. The Royal Navy do not let go when they get their teeth in and the Army when they get trained in and accustomed to that country will be more than a match for the enemy. Germany and her friends will no doubt make much of our withdrawal south of Trondheim and of their having been able to establish communication between Oslo and Trondheim but there is much to come yet. I do not think that the communications between those places is likely to be a bed of roses. There may also be other surprises.

There are some very wise men on the Allied Supreme War Council and amongst the heads of the Services. The fact remains that we have got a firm footing in Norway. We have got complete command of the passage across. The landing of heavy guns, tanks, stores and supplies must be getting easier every day. We have an Air Force determined to make German life in Norway exceedingly uncomfortable and with a reinforced Allied Army we may alter the map of Norway considerably before very long.

ONE OF THE FIRST PICTURES FROM NORWAY: British and French officers in collaboration on a snowy Norwegian road

NORWEGIAN TROOPS IN ACTION—A FIRST PICTURE: In the dangerous neighbourhood of Roeros, where the Norwegians have had considerable successes

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES WITH WHICH THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE HAS HAD TO CONTEND: A transport behind the Storkjer battle front ploughs its way through deep snow on its way to take ambulance supplies up to the front

DIGGING A ROAD THROUGH THE SNOW DRIFTS: The two pictures reproduced here will give a very graphic idea of just one of the difficulties encountered by our troops in Northern Norway. Apart from mountainous regions, lack of roads, deep gorges and ravines, there is the snow, which drifts up until it is impassable for wheeled transport

GERMAN AIR CHIEF IN NORWAY: Air General Erhard Milch, right-hand man of Marshal Göring and chief of the German Air Force in Norway. According to a German statement, he is now completing the aerial organisation of Norway so that in a few weeks it will become Germany's biggest base against the Allies. This, of course, will become a fact only if the R.A.F. ceases to exist

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN WORK FOR THE TROOPS: A busy scene at Victoria House, Aldwych, where parties of Australian women are preparing and knitting comforts for the troops. This party is under the supervision of Mrs. A. L. Bussau (seen standing in the centre), wife of the Agent-General

SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS: Mrs. Elbea Beatton and Mrs. Catchlove, both of Melbourne, busy sewing comforts at Victoria House. In addition to garments for Australians serving with the forces in Europe, these ladies are also engaged in knitting comforts for the Navy

BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN: Nearly two tons of knitting wool and made-up garments were recently delivered at the depot for knitted garments for the Royal Navy at Eaton Square, sent by an organisation in New York to help our fighting forces. The crates had to be unpacked on the pavement as they were too large to get through the door

THE HUMAN CHAIN: Miss Sheila Condner and Mrs. Marcus Crichton, voluntary workers at the depot for knitted garments for the Royal Navy, forming part of the human chain conveying the bales of goods and wool through the doors of the headquarters. Sixteen crates had to be thus dealt with

OVERSEAS AID for the FORCES

Australia and America Help the Men at the Front

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THIS WEEK'S LITERARY FARE

Novels, Travel and Biography for the Bookshelves

MR. JOYCE CARY, is, to me, one of the most stimulating of present-day writers. His new novel, **CHARLEY IS MY DARLING** (Michael Joseph. 9s.), has the same humour, the same tenderness and the same acuity of insight that made his *Mister Johnson* such a memorable thing. It has, too, something more precise in common with that book. Though one was the story of an African native and this is the story of a London child, both are studies in irresponsibility, of the kind that may be common to children or to savages, and both stories develop from the first page to the last tragic climax as inevitably as a plant growing and flowering.

Charley is a little London boy, evacuated to a village in the West Country with his stepmother, an easy-going slut with less influence on him than another child might have. Charley is himself good-natured, eager to please, and eager to dazzle the other children with his exploits. His tragedy is that, though he is neither vicious nor criminal, his amiable, ingratiating weakness leads him to commit crime after crime.

From stealing a car and some money to take the other children to the pictures he progresses to a series of organised raids on neighbouring houses. He becomes the leader of a gang, and as the others come to admire his audacity he goes on to wilder and wilder exploits. He seldom steals anything of value. Except for money itself he has no means of recognising the worth of anything, so he steals a book of stamps, a little ivory figure, an imitation gold pin.

And yet he knows he must be caught. In spite of the number of thefts, he is not a practised burglar, and the other children are clumsy or frightened. At the end when the police are looking for him he hides in a villager's house and, although every child knows where he is, by tacit agreement they keep the secret.

The last two pages of this book are as moving as anything I have read in fiction for a very long while. Mr. Cary is a brilliant writer and I can scarcely recommend his book too highly.

A year ago Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell went to Morocco in order to make a journey from there across the Sahara into Libya, where he wanted to take a look at Leptis Magna. **MAURETANIA** (Duckworth. 15s.) is the record of his journey, with an interpolated chapter on a summer in Tunisia, which, incidentally, contains a delectable and nostalgic account of a stay in what must have been the perfect villa in Hammamet.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has more than once demonstrated his skill in recording peripatetic impressions. He is also learned in the history of architecture, and is a poet. The dawn in Marrakech "must be unlike any other experience this side of India or Peiping." It does not, in the words of that other poet, come up like thunder; but it "has the colours of a bird's breast . . . a blue of a dove's breast, misting into white, touches of a rose-red crater's edge."

Savouring such delight on the first page, the reader is carried irresistibly on, down into the Sahara, south of the Atlas Mountains, to oases unfrequented by Englishmen, and across to Libya for a first sight of Sabratha, in which the author somehow contrives to make the reader *feel* the salt wind whispering through the ruined theatre. And thence to Leptis, whose architectural magnificences can never have been so well described.

Yet it is not all sights and sounds, landscapes and picturesque ruins, for there is much valuable comment on French rule in Morocco, on the work of the great Marshal Lyautey, as well as an extremely lively portrait of Marshal Balbo, whom Mr. Sitwell found to be an engaging personality.

If Mr. Sitwell can so hold a reader who has never visited Northern Africa, he surely has fulfilled the first and most important duty of a writer of travel books.

Mr. Nikolai Gubsky's new book could be more accurately described as a romance than as a novel. **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the story of one of those enigmatic and fatally attractive creatures, so rare in one's everyday experience and so familiar to a constant reader. Gordon is half-Russian, half-English, and wholly intelligent. He is a cultured, musical and sensitive man who differs from his fellows chiefly by reason of the absolute control which he is able to exercise over his emotions.

He makes money by running a magazine in pre-revolution Russia, moves his capital to England in the nick of time, and spends the twenty years after the war in studying music, living his quiet life, and dealing with the number of women who fall in love with him. Finally, he, too, discovers the pitfall of sentiment and, making one last superb gesture, skis down an Italian mountainside to his death. Mr. Gubsky, being the writer he is, all Gordon's story seems acceptable and even logical while one is reading it. A lesser novelist would have fallen into bathos; Mr. Gubsky avoids that danger by the fact that he writes about twenty times as well as that lesser novelist.

At the end of last August Miss Ursula Bloom was hurried into the country by her husband to escape the dangers that we all thought then were attendant on living in London. For the first six months of the war she was an evacuee, missing her city life as much as most of the evacuees of my acquaintance, and thoroughly put out about the whole affair. In **THE LOG OF NO LADY** (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.) she recounts some of her experiences in the country, to which she never became reconciled and which, she insists, still regarded her as an exotic stranger to the last day.

The diary is animated and sprightly and, in a mild sort of way, good fun, though the fun is spread rather thinly over 250 pages. This is featherweight entertainment, but it has its own freshness and good humour to recommend it.

With the death of the great *Roi Soleil* in 1715 France was left in a financially disastrous state. As a nation it was on the verge of bankruptcy and it soon became obvious to the Regent and his advisers that some step more drastic than anything they had yet imagined would have to be taken to stop that bankruptcy from declaring itself. At this moment, which was for him a carefully calculated one, there appeared a Scottish financier, John Law, who claimed to have a scheme to restore France's shattered fortunes and to bring back her prosperity.

This, the French Mississippi scheme, had for a time a prodigious success, and Law was made Comptroller-General of Finances. For four years he lived magnificently, acclaimed by the people and the friend of the Regent himself. At the end of that time the luck began to desert him and he finally left France, an embittered man. **GAMBLER'S GLORY** (Rich and Cowan. 15s.) is Mr. Michael Harrison's romantic reconstruction of his story during those years of power and during the years before it.

Mr. Harrison is perhaps a little lavish in embroidering a subject already so fantastic, but his obvious sympathy for John Law is attractive and vigorously expressed, sometimes a little too vigorously for real accuracy.

More than a hundred years ago, at a time when a woman writer was still regarded with more suspicion than respect, two sisters, the Misses Strickland of Reydon Hall, conceived the idea of compiling a series of biographies of the Queens of England. The final result of a lifetime's work was an impressive set of volumes without which few homes in Victorian England were complete.

AGNES STRICKLAND (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) was the more important writer of the two, and in this dignified and mildly satirical book, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy is the biographer's biographer. One of Miss Strickland's first, and in those days most startling attempts at royal portraiture was *Victoria, from Birth to Bridal*, which in spite of its impeccably loyal intention aroused the Queen to some irritation.

In a copy which was sent for her perusal, and even approval, Queen Victoria made liberal use of the margins for corrections, and these were transmitted to the much mortified authoress. Against a story that the baby princess had held out fat dimpled hands to be kissed appeared the uncompromising words "not true" and "not allowed" which, if they add to our knowledge of the Queen's childhood, must have proved exasperating to a writer whose only idea was to exalt her royal subjects in her pages.

The life that Miss Strickland led when not actively engaged in writing was so perfectly suitable to her style that no writer of fiction could have devised a better. For recreation she would make long visits to country houses of adequate dignity, and to castles. Her tours in Scotland, Holland, and France were models of observance and propriety, and are responsible for some of her biographer's wittiest comments.

Two extracts from Agnes Strickland's contemporary writers are well worth quoting; one a verse written on Queen Victoria's wedding morning, when, incidentally, it poured with rain, begins—

"Wake, Albert, wake! from dreams of hope arise
To clasp with blissful arms the hov'ring prize."

And another, a letter from the American editress of *Godey's Magazine*, who speaks of the "renovating spring" and adds, "Well do I remember the bursting forth of vernal time in Merrie England, with the trill of nightingales which I first heard in the green lanes at Wandsworth."

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

C.J.L.

THE NEW FOREST CAVALIERS: With the present petrol shortage this form of driving rally is becoming increasingly popular. The New Forest Cavaliers are a branch of the Driving Club and they met at the Rising Sun, Wootton, near Sway, Hants, and drove to the Burley Manor Hotel, Burley, a run which included some beautiful New Forest scenery

The Problem of Dim Traffic Lights

With the Longer Hours of Daylight the Motorists' Difficulties Increase

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A COUPLE of months ago quite a number of complaints were made regarding the invisibility of traffic lights in bright sunshine. I do not know for certain how the matter was brought to the attention of the Ministry of Transport, but I should imagine that they started taking notice of the present position when motorists who were summoned for non-observance of the traffic lights successfully pleaded that the latter were invisible at the time when the law took action. No one, not even a Ministry of Transport official, can dispute the fact that when the sun shines on the traffic lights as they are to-day it is almost impossible to be certain if the red, orange, or green light is showing. No doubt accidents were happening and so the authorities began to move.

I have heard of elaborate schemes whereby the intensity of the light during the day-time is to be increased but during the hours of darkness decreased. Highly complicated automatic electrical devices are to be fitted to the controllers of each separate group of lights, and all this is to take months to complete and obviously will cost hundreds of thousands of pounds if all the traffic lights in the country are to be altered.

We want the lights brighter during the daylight so that we can see them and dimmer than we now have them in the dark so that we are not blinded, and I reckon that each traffic light could be so arranged for a few shillings. In day-time they should be left exactly as they were in pre-war days and then as the black-out hour approaches one or other of the numerous police constables who are on duty nearby could fit in metal masks that would just allow a pin hole of light to escape. Something like this is being done in some districts although I have only noticed it myself in operation at Baldock on the Great North Road.

I could scarcely believe my eyes the other day when I saw what appeared to be a great ball of green light. So far as I know, there is only one set of traffic lights at Baldock and so it is not a difficult job to arrange for the shields or masks to be put into position at or near sunset, but even in cities I cannot imagine that any trouble would arise in making it somebody's duty to attend at the appropriate time to each set of lights. The practical result, too, would certainly not be inferior to any produced by complicated mechanism.

Another advantage is that the simple method is not only vastly cheaper but infinitely quicker to put into operation. This latter point is quite important because chaos will reign if some lights in daylight are shining in their full blaze of glory and others are masked. Motorists becoming accustomed to the full aperture being illuminated will be inclined to miss those which are obscured.

Troubles, it is said, never come singly and this is certainly true in my case with the two small cars I am at present running. One blew up very severely on account of frost and the other had to have a new set of piston rings in the engine because of an abnormal wastage of oil. I had no escape, therefore, from that tiresome process of running-in. I cannot remember how many years ago it was since I was last committed to driving my car in this restricted manner. Rolls-Royce and Bentley have many advantages to offer their favoured owners but freedom from having to run-in the engine when the car is new is one which is not always appreciated and as I have been lucky enough to own one or other of these two cars for the last eight years I have not had any recent practice in running-in. My two present cars were attended to by two different firms and being of an obedient frame of mind I asked each in turn what their recommendations were as regards the speeds which I might indulge in for the first 1,000 miles or so.

In the first case I was advised to carry out the instructions given in the makers' handbook. This told me I was not to let the engine exceed 2,500 revs for the first 500 miles, 3,000 revs for the next 500 and 3,500 until the speedometer showed 1,500 miles. Thereafter I was given unlimited freedom of action. In the second instance, the Managing Director of the firm told me not to worry over any set speed or maximum number of revs but to drive the engine so that no undue stress was placed upon it.

These two instances of advice at first sight appear to be completely different but actually they are not. The instructions given in the makers' handbook are printed for the edification of all owners of that particular car, most of whom have very little sense of mechanical matters, and so to be on the safe side the makers very rightly tie them down to actual figures which anyone can read. Any driver who is in sympathy with his engine cannot do it any harm if he drives it during the running-in period according to the advice given to me in the second case.

Personally, I am very fussy about running-in an engine, for I consider that such a highly scientific piece of mechanism can be permanently injured by rough handling during the period in question. I have observed in normal times new cars being driven from the Midlands to London at speeds which should not be permitted in the early stages of an engine's life, but speaking generally the firms that supply the drivers for taking cars from the factories to the agent's premises are very strict in these matters and I know of one who will not employ any driver under thirty years of age, simply because they consider that men under that age are more likely to forget the car they are driving is a new one and that high speeds should not be attempted.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The above Society is in urgent need of funds to help them carry on the great work of training poor boys for a life at sea. Recently an old *Arethusa* boy has been awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal by the Royal Humane Society for the bravest act of the year. In the Royal and Merchant Navies to-day, there are officers who owe their present positions to the early training received in the *Arethusa*. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Legacies are earnestly solicited.

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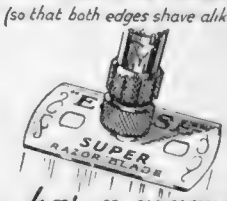

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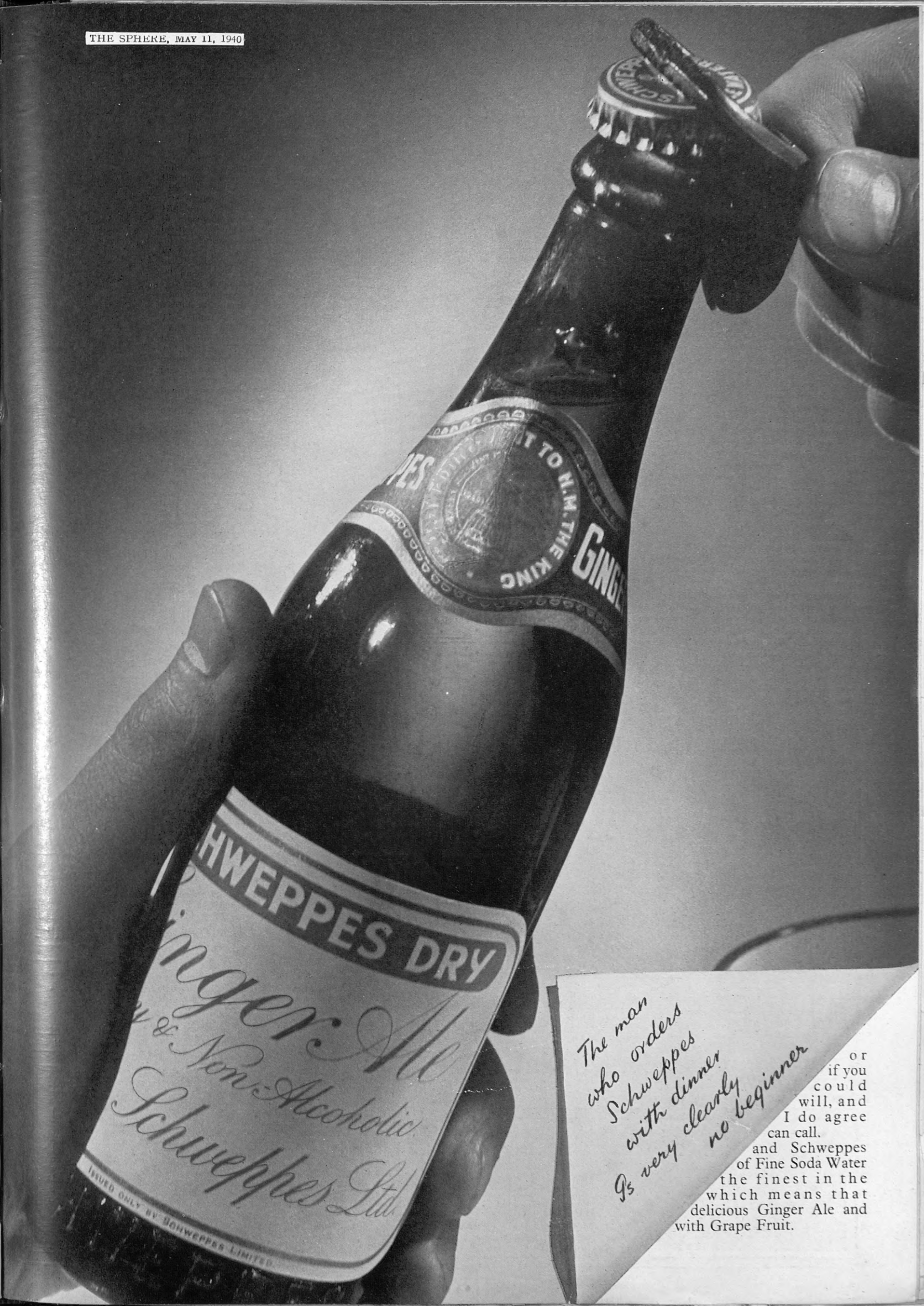

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

I JOURNEYED up to Scarborough in a mood bordering on the depressed. I returned eight hours later bursting with optimism and bounding with energy.

At the outset I had funked the long journey, for I had memories of the *Coronation Scot* which whisked me to York in a little over two hours and a half.

I had visions of Scarborough, the queen of watering places, deserted and depressed because of her situation on the East Coast. Once again I was confronted with the truism of "Seeing is believing."

Guided by a full moon, I found my way with ease to the Pavilion Hotel, one of the Laughton group, which can be well described as the central spot of Scarborough socially and geographically.

I was greeted by Frank Laughton, who, owing to the absence on military service of brother Tom, has the trio of Laughton hotels under his wing—the Pavilion, the Royal and Holbeck Hall. Even if I had not met Frank Laughton before, there was no need for an introduction, for he is so like brother Charles, though a younger edition, that one felt as if one was talking to one who had just stepped out of the screen.

It was Frank Laughton who first disabused my mood about Scarborough being so dead. From him I learnt that Scarborough, which is reflected in the Pavilion Hotel, had never had such a busy winter, which speaks volumes for the absence of "jitter-bugs" in the north and midlands, and also of their appreciation of an hotel which is 98 per cent. perfect.

I am glad I was able to find two small chinks in the armour of Laughton efficiency, though I am perfectly certain they will be rectified before my next visit. Both faults, very minor ones, are common to so many hotels. Spidery nibs in the reception office pens, and having to go on all fours in one's bedroom to find the slot to insert the shilling to turn the knob to provide the gas, all because some jackass of a fitter has never suggested the meter should be placed at a convenient level.

At the Pavilion one has literally to go out of one's way to count faults. Everything is in extraordinarily good taste. My room was the epitome of comfort. Without stretching upwards or leaning out of bed the electric light switch and the bell push were strategically located on the wall by the side of the bed. There were large cupboards, interesting furniture, light cream walls, and a carpet cut flush with the side.

The bed itself, that article of furniture which varies so at different hotels, was the last word in luxury and comfort conducive to long and dreamless sleep.

For a very good hotel at any time of the year go to the Pavilion, and if you want to know the Laughtons and my definition of what constitutes a good hotel, write to them for their booklet which, like the hotel, expresses the Laughtons' policy, "imaginative hotel keeping."

Scarborough is going to have a very good season, and this is not based on just supposition but because I saw the advance bookings at the Royal—one of the other Laughton hotels—and those who are not obsessed with the thoughts of war would be well advised to get in touch with the Royal quickly.

There are few hotels which have so equipped themselves for holiday abandon as the Royal. It is difficult to express the class of clientele, but I think I should be right in saying that if you enjoy the better class cruises such as on the *Atlantis* or the *Arandora Star*, the Royal is a ready-made answer for this year's holiday. The lounge, the cocktail bar, the ballroom and the gymnasium provide the background for a cheery holiday and a forgetfulness of war troubles. In the foreground is the sea, below is Scarborough's old-world harbour and around is a tonic bracing air which has no substitute.

For those who wish to be quieter the Laughtons offer you Holbeck Hall, a country house mansion on the cliff edge where reading, eating and sleeping amidst tranquil surroundings are for many a trio of holiday ideals.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. R., Peterborough.—If you have not been to Scotland it is like going abroad in some ways. Glorious scenery and nearly always grand weather if you go in June. As golf and fishing are your two principal pastimes, I do not think you would better the Castle Hotel at Glendevon. It is but a few miles from the famous Gleneagles course, and if I remember rightly you can almost fish from your bedroom window.

P. C., Yorks.—I had great pleasure in hearing from you again, and also to feel that I have been of help to you in the past. I think I can help you, too, as regards Cheltenham. In the town itself, in a quiet spot just off the main street, is a moderately-priced hotel called the Ellenborough, which I can well recommend. There is also a newer hotel a little farther off called the Thirlestaine Hall Hotel, run by Mrs. Lewis Hall. It is a very charming house, and I should think well run, though when I went to visit it it had hardly opened.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235/36.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk.
Boscastle.—Wellтown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest House
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lytham (Lancs.).—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Paignton.—Palace Hotel. A.A.
Paignton.—Ravenswood Hotel. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
St. Austell (Cornwall).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Spreyton (Devon).—Fuidge Manor.
Storrington (nr. Pulborough).—Roundabout Htl.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Gairloch (Ross-shire).—Gairloch Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich (Inverness-shire).—Creaghdhu Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Amlwch (Anglesey).—Bull Bay Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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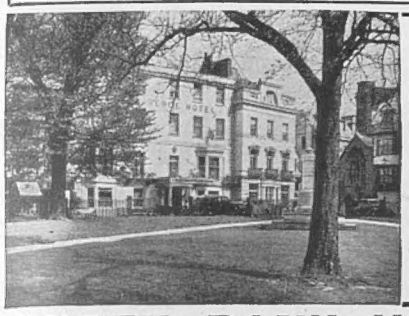

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